



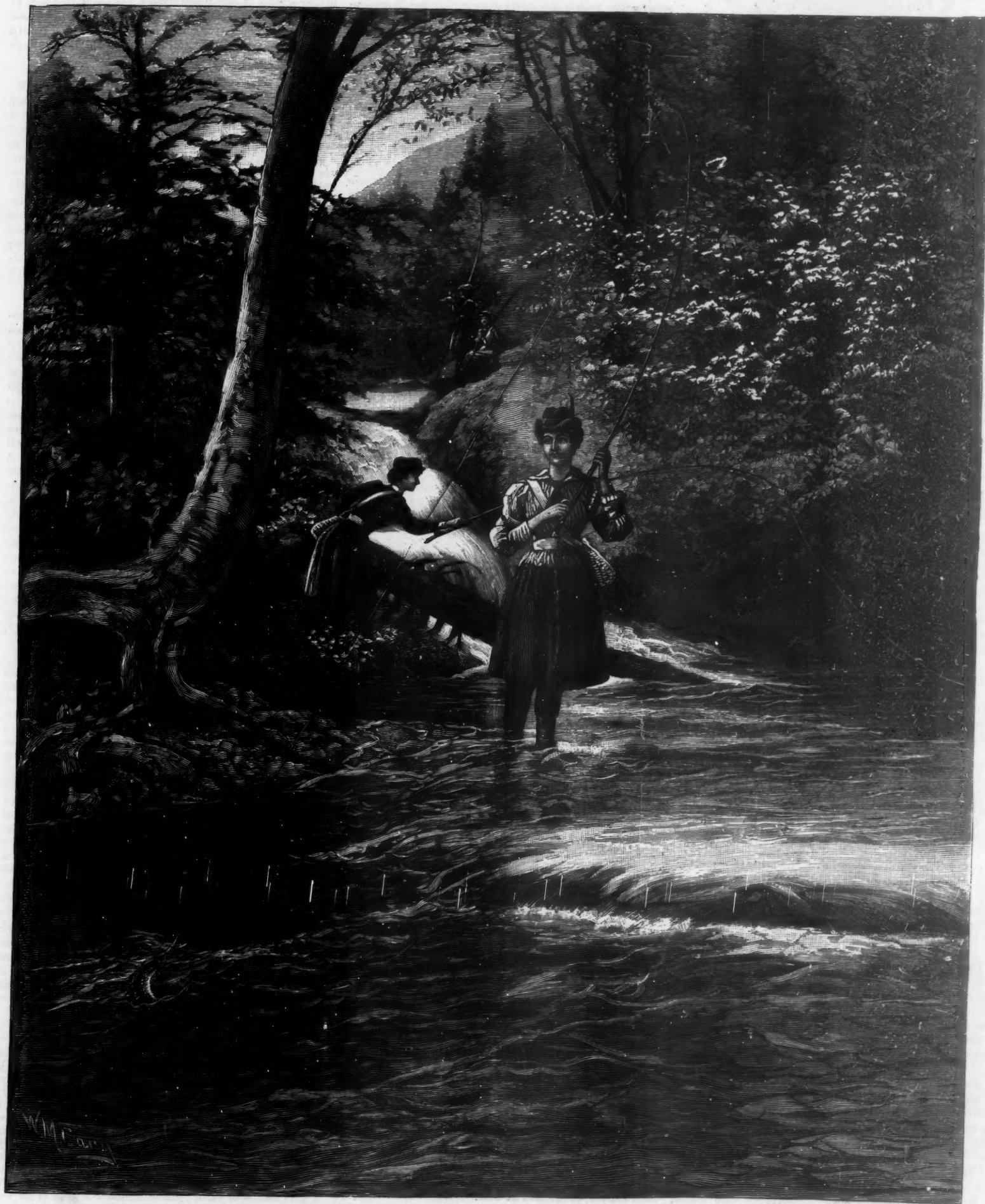
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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A TROUTING PARTY IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

[Specially drawn for "ONCE A WEEK" by W. M. Cary.]

ONCE A WEEK

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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR.

"ARE they coming?" We should say so.

THE Senate has rejected the extradition treaty with France negotiated by Hon. WHITELAW REID. This is Mr. REID's first serious rebuff since his return from abroad.

IF China retaliates upon us by sending home American missionaries, we can stand it. The American heathen in city, town and country may then receive more attention.

SNOW in Nebraska and Wyoming, and the wheat harvest approaching in Texas, are facts that should serve to more evenly distribute our people and keep them for at least a year in one place.

PROFESSOR SWIFT estimates that the latest-arrived comet has been eight million years getting here. Disregarding the hair-splittings and technicalities of science, this is the comet that never came.

THE Brazil trouble is explained now. Since the downfall of FONSECA, they have had no president down there. They are about to elect one now. Some of these "republics" are provokingly careless about details.

AND now an English syndicate is about to gain control of all the American distilleries. If the syndicate can control the product after it gets it, it will be because a corporation has no soul—but a copper-fastened stomach.

THE supervisors of Suffolk County, New York, paid some enterprising boys bounties for possums' tails, thinking they were possums' ears—trophies of sure-caught possums. It is to the rising generation, after all, that we must look for accurate information on natural history.

THE British Admiralty have thought the matter over. We may put "Old Glory" on the two Inman Line steamers; but hereafter, when a steamer receives a British subsidy, it will be with a proviso that it shall never fly any other flag than the Union Jack. We do not blame our cousins.

THE British Behring Sea Patrol will sail from Victoria, B. C., about June 1st. All vessels caught sealing will be seized, whether they have received notice or not. The seal crop ought to be so abundant another year as to bring comfortable and stylish Winter garments within the reach of the middle and well-to-do "claws."

EMIN PASHA, who is roaming through the swamps of Africa with science and civilization in one hand and a repeating rifle in the other, has gone blind. Somehow we never hear of this great German lately except to hear bad news. Perhaps he is dealing unjustly with the "rebel" natives. If not, it is too bad he has lost his sight.

MANY cities furnish their inhabitants with water, gaslight and electric-light. It would be an interesting question, whether the city might not also establish

coal-bins and woodyards, from which fuel could be supplied at lower rates than they can be bought for at present. The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided against it, but there are other States to hear from.

THE Standard Oil Trust has paid its last dividend, and it was a good one. It will never more be Trust of ours. Henceforth the different branches of the Standard Oil Company will draw dividends in proportion to the Trust certificates held by each! Thus will the Trust and the Company (Standard) lie down together—the Trust on the inside. Let the "Reading" slide, fellow-citizens.

AMERICAN and German oculists have found a paying field of operations in Japan, where many of the more progressive people are cultivating a fad for Caucasian eyes, instead of the almond-shaped orbs that Nature gives them. The surgical operation resorted to consists in slitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line, the slit being an infinitesimal part of an inch in width. In a few days the cultured Jap looks just like a Melican Man.

A PROMINENT railway official announces that a fast express recently put in operation on his line is the best-paying passenger train in the country. The announcement is expected to boom the fast express service on all railroads, in which case freight train crews will have to hustle to keep out of the way. With the increase in the number and speed of fast passenger trains, an increase in double and quadruple tracks will be imperatively demanded.

MOTHER Nature, to whose "clasp and kiss" Colonel INGERSOLL consigns all of us, both saint and sinner, when we die, has made a sudden trade with a real estate owner near West Dubuque, Ia. An acre of his land is gone into a subterranean lake, and all he has now is a hole in the ground. The question is: Should we depend on her kiss, when Mother Nature's clasp is so sudden, so wide, so difficult to dig out again, and so all-embracing as in the West Dubuque case?

WHATEVER be the merits of the free-coinage-of-silver question, the fact remains that the United States Congress has refused to consider it. The people of this country have no respect for statesmen who refuse to consider any question properly presented. A representative form of government should not be built that way. Shirking and questions of expediency enter into practical politics, but not into legislation for the people, by the people. The cool Autumn days will make these truths clear.

It is well known that millions of Eastern money are invested in farm mortgages and urban real estate throughout this country, especially in the new States and the rapidly-growing States on and beyond the Mississippi. Bearing this fact in mind, even the lukewarmness of the East toward the World's Fair becomes a serious matter. Chicago's lack and need of eight million dollars more should be attended to by Congress at once. The World's Fair must not fail, no matter whence the needed money comes.

We are at present enjoying a pleasant invasion of American representatives abroad. Minister REID has come home from France for good; Minister SMITH has permanently departed from Russia; Consul-General NEW is coming home from England. The daily papers, upon looking these gentlemen over, find them for the most part Americans yet. But, to tell the plain truth, a prolonged stay at home will not be thrown away upon them. There is something in European courts that has a bad influence upon even our best specimens. It cannot be flattery and attentions—it must be the air and the victuals and the—cigars.

IMPRISONMENT for debt will be abolished in New York if Governor FLOWER approves of a bill for that purpose passed by the Legislature. As this remedy is not applied to bad debtors, save in extreme cases which many of Gotham's solid and hard-headed creditors deem worthy of it, perhaps the governor, who has been a solid creditor himself in his day, will leave matters stand as they are. Modern progress and civilization of course demand the wiping out of this "relic of barbarism"; but, then, these fine circumstances of our novus ordo seclorum demand the payment of honest debts also. There are two sides to this question as well as to many others that come under the executive pen.

SPEAKING of the United States Supreme Court case of O'NEIL against Vermont—which was noticed, at length, in these columns a few weeks since—the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says, quite elaborately, that "the significance of the decision does not appear to have been fully apprehended at first." Whereupon the New York *Herald* claims the credit of having "fully apprehended" it as soon as the case came within the sphere

of its vision. We should say the esteemed *Herald's* claim to priority of apprehension in this case is well-founded. But, then, as clearly shown in our article referred to, the case of O'NEIL against Vermont need excite no alarm.

ALTHOUGH we have tried to have a convention with Newfoundland, on the fishery and other questions, and although many of us have thought that Newfoundland and the United States have been living all along under an amicable arrangement made some time ago—still this is not thus. The Home Government has decided that if Newfoundland has any negotiations to make with us, they must proceed *pari passu* with those made by Canada in the same direction. That is to say—*pari passu*, by equal pace—Newfoundland must not take longer strides in the matter than the Dominion sees fit to take. Both of these big neighbors of ours look almost big enough to set a pace for themselves; until they are such, we really desire and need no dealings with them—*pari passu*, or otherwise.

THE eyes of the countless friends of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS are tracing daily upon the map of this country the course of his tour to the Pacific coast, and their heartiest good-will and wishes go with him. This brief season of rest is well deserved, because for a quarter of a century Mr. CHILDS has been one of the hardest laborers in the field of journalism. His absence from Philadelphia will extend from May 2d to July 12th. He journeyed westward in his special car by way of Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, San Francisco; thence he will proceed south to Los Angeles and San Diego; thence north to Portland and Tacoma, returning eastward by the Northern Pacific Railroad. May Health and Happiness be his companions.

THE River and Harbor Bill is said to involve an expenditure of forty-seven million dollars. It is charged that the various items provided for are run through by the process called "log-rolling"—in which one member agrees to let his neighbor's item alone if he can secure the same immunity for his own. It is further charged that each member is specially pledged to secure a certain appropriation in order to please his constituents and secure his re-election. The "log-rolling" feature is highly censurable, unless, indeed, the items are all right on the merits of the case—on which supposition it becomes a mere neighborly accommodation, based on the theory that one good turn deserves another. Fighting for an all-right item in order to please his constituents and secure his re-election—as Representative HOLMAN is accused of doing in the matter of the Big Miami embankment—is the highest and first duty of a Representative and a very laudable ambition pounded into one. What the general public would like to know is: Are there any steals in this bill? Is the money needed for the purposes stated? It cannot be that the present Congress has passed a steal bill by such a large majority! Let us have the particulars. What is the matter, for example, with the Big Miami embankment item?

THE Paris *Lanterne* has turned its light into the dark corners of a rather pretty scheme, in which Germany and Great Britain were to have been the principal actors, had a certain contingency arisen in Morocco. Last November the latter chronically-disturbed country was more than usually shaken up, and Spain, as a near neighbor, having "interests" to guard, was expected at any moment to intervene. Pending the negotiations for the straightening up of Morocco's affairs on a basis satisfactory to the Powers, a sharp note was addressed to the Spanish Foreign Office by Germany and Great Britain, telling Spain to keep hands off. At the same time, Austria got wind of some secret or other and warned Spain, as a friend. The *Lanterne's* story is that, had Spain intruded at the time, Germany proposed to Great Britain that they should forcibly oppose Spain, blockade the Spanish coasts, bombard Barcelona and occupy the Balearic and Canary Islands. Afterward Morocco and the Canary Islands were to be divided between Great Britain and Germany, and Tripoli be given to Italy. Had Spain been an "enterprising" power at that time, the map of Europe might be changed not a little now. As it was—and is—her easy-going methods saved her. Lucky Spain!

COME HOME, SMALLEY.

[From Life, New York.]

OBSERVING in a London letter to the New York *Tribune*, that in certain branches of literature America is distinctly superior to England, Mr. G. W. Smalley instances that "neither Mr. Bret Harte, nor Mr. Henry James, nor Mr. Howells has an English counterpart." Mr. Howells, it is true, is an American, and Mr. Harte was an American, though his species is now extinct; but as for Mr. James, meritorious craftsman that he is, everybody except Mr. Smalley knows that he has a British counterpart, and that he has only to glance at a mirror to find him. Mr. James is a good thing of his kind, and it is a kind that is of value; but to allude to him as if he was a representative American writer, is to be just about as funny as Mr. Smalley knows how.

FRESH FROM FAMINE LAND.

[Fifth of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.]

I HAVE always doubted the expediency of personal descriptions. It is of no avail to say a man has a full, round face, or that he is above the medium height. Personal appearance is indescribable. And especially such an appearance as that of Mr. Charles Emory Smith. I asked the artist who accompanied me what there was in Mr. Smith's face that made it so impressive.



"THE HORRORS OF THE FAMINE HAVE NOT BEEN OVERDRAWN."

"It cannot be described: it has a strength and power peculiar to itself," he replied.

Mr. Smith soon was telling many circumstances connected with the terrible famine now devastating Russia. In this he drew upon the report he will soon file with the Department of State. It is undoubtedly the most correct statement yet published. Mr. Smith compiled his information from special messengers in the famine district.

"The area over which the famine extends," said Mr. Smith, "is fully ten times as large as the State of New York. Fully fourteen millions of people are poverty-stricken! It is one of the most calamitous visitations the modern world has ever seen."

"And the horrors, Mr. Smith?"

"The horrors of the mighty Russian famine cannot possibly be overdrawn," went on the minister, with enthusiasm. "In a general way, you will understand that the immediate causes of the famine were a failure of the crops. The region covered by the famine is usually counted the most fertile in Russia. After the terrible drought of 1891 the crops were blighted in twenty provinces. No rain fell for fully five months. A vast cloud of moths, or some such winged insect, devoured the growing grain. Then came a plague of rats. These appeared in thousands, from the mountain fastnesses. Fierce winds swept for months and completed the destruction begun by the rain, the locusts and the rats. Such things cannot be described. All I can do is tell a few facts. You must fill in the dark background yourself."

It was very interesting to hear the tale from the lips of one who had stood in the famine-stricken districts, and who came from the snowfields of Russia to tell his sad message to the people of a land where blights and plagues are as yet happily unknown, the land of the oppressed and outcast of the nations of the earth, whose symbol shines far down over the ocean and greets the ships that come in from over the seas—Liberty Enlightening the World. And the minister was saying:

"To the Russian peasant, the yearly yield of the lands is everything. He is not especially improvident, but he depends so blindly on the products of the soil that he lays aside little for the winter. When the famine swept down, it found no reserve in the granaries of Russia; and hence it was scarcely a fortnight before there was the greatest suffering over a wide domain. Then came the hardships of a bitter winter. The flax crop, like all others, had failed. This meant that there would be no flax to spin, and consequently no new supply of clothing. The bitter weather found the majority of the people in the famine districts in a condition of nakedness not to be described. The pathetic incidents of the great famine may only be suggested, for it is beyond words to fully picture them. How the people go about dressed in rude skins; how the women dress in uncouth garments, in shreds of cloth, in patches of skins and in rags; how men are seen in women's clothes, women in men's raiment; how the children cry out from cold as well as from hunger—all these are only episodes of the great Russian famine of the present day.

"Some of the peasants ran off to caves, preferring to live like beasts rather than eat the nauseating and revolting relief-bread or hunger-food, made, as it is, of straw, leaves, wild reeds and bark. Some settled into a dull despair, from which death alone could give end to the unspeakable wretchedness, hunger and dirt. Some wandered aimlessly away, even as far as Tomsk, in Siberia, only to find death in the eternal snows of that bleak and desolate land. Then came the epidemics of fever. Ah! there are thousands of such incidents existing everywhere through-

out the twenty famine-stricken provinces, marking the visitation as the greatest calamity the world and the human race has ever seen."

"And Russia, does she try to conceal her sorrows?"

"No, she does not. Do not mistake me. The famine could not have been averted. It was not the fault of the Russian Government. That statement, if ever you hear it, is absurd. Nothing that could have been done by human agency would have prevented the famine. Already, however, the Russian Government has subscribed seventy-five million dollars. She will soon add enough to make her contributions fully a round one hundred million dollars. She has reverted the taxes in the stricken provinces. She is trying to supply work for the people. Great railroad schemes, employing thousands of men, have already been started, under the leadership of the famous General Annenkov. Other relief measures of equally gigantic proportions are already under way. No, no; it is not the shame of Russia, this great famine."

"It is, Mr. Smith—"

"The dispensation of God."

Minister Smith favored me with an advance copy of his report of the receipt and distribution of the American relief, sent to Russia some time since by the philanthropic people of the United States. He said that the American relief had come in two forms—food and money. Up to April 16th the Legation received about seventy-seven thousand dollars in cash, besides two shiploads of food. The minister himself had paid out over one hundred thousand roubles in money. He gave a few illustrations. Madame Davidoff was given three thousand roubles, with which she supported ten villages. To the devoted Countess Tolstoi, five hundred roubles. To Madame Wellaminoff, three thousand one hundred roubles, to keep going nearly one hundred soup-kitchens. To Princess Volkonski, money for large districts of Famboff. To the Russian-German sufferers in the province of Samara, five thousand roubles, where fifty-one soup-kitchens are set up, at which



"NO, NO; NOT THE SHAME OF RUSSIA, BUT THE DISPENSATION OF GOD."

twelve thousand people feed daily. A special list of all consignees was made, of which the emperor personally approved. The Russian Government furnished the cars for the transportation of flour. Seed was bought for eighteen thousand nine hundred acres of land in Samara. The cargo of the *Indiana* was sent from Libau in seven trains, all decorated with Russian and American flags. The cargo of the *Missouri* went in two hundred and forty-one cars. It was received with an ovation. It was distributed at seventy-five centers. In all, the sums paid out at the American Legation aggregated 154,777.95 roubles.

Then the talk turned to the czar.

"The emperor," said Mr. Smith, "told me personally to convey his grateful appreciation of American interest to the President."

"Does he speak English, Mr. Smith?"

"He does; and well, too."

"Does he talk like an American or like an Englishman?"

"He talks like any well-educated person."

"Well, his accent. Does the czar say 'Merica,' or does he say 'A-mer-ica'?"

"Ahem! The emperor that day met me at the Palace of Getina. He received me in a cordial manner, and spoke something like this:

"You will convey to the people of the United States my most cordial thanks for the very grateful assistance they have given us at this time. You will see the President and say—'and so on.'"

"And his daily life?"

"I have met him several times. He is always very cordial. There is nothing stilted about him. He talks freely with those about him. He is easy and graceful in speech and polite in his relations with his friends and counselors. The common notion that the emperor is severe and unapproachable is not borne out by any experience of my own. On the contrary, I have even known him to unbend in a way that is certainly out of the ordinary, at least for a great emperor. On one occasion I was present at the launch of one of the new Russian war vessels. There was a great crowd about the ways. The emperor was present. According to custom, everyone uncovered. It was a cool day, and a crisp breeze was



"I HAVE MET HIM SEVERAL TIMES."

blowing in from the sea. The emperor, with a thoughtfulness and a consideration that marks him as a perfect gentleman, waiving all the pompous etiquette of the court, supposed to hedge the glory of a king, turned to us, and—I chancing to be the nearest one—he addressed me in a way I shall always remember with pleasure:

"Put on your hats, gentlemen," he said; "it is a cold day!"

"This, by the way, is the only absolutely informal remark the czar ever made in my presence."

"Tell me about a day with the czar. Does he rise early?"

"He does, indeed. But exactly how early I cannot say. He is at his desk from morning till night. He is a hard worker. But it would really be of no public interest for me to follow out the routine of the czar of all the Russias."

"On the contrary, it would be of surpassing—"

"Well," said Mr. Smith, slowly; "that is true, but then—" and he paused.

It was no use. All the arts of the interviewer fell to the ground. Journalistic diplomacy—for Minister Smith is an editor himself—was triumphant again.

"And my interview, Mr. Smith, I faltered; 'you know how strict the Russian censors are with the press. Am I at liberty to—to go on?'"

"Oh! well," said the minister, waving his cordial



"THE CZAR SAID, 'PUT ON YOUR HATS.'"

adieu; "go on, old fellow, and never mind Russian censorship. Still I have a pretty shrewd suspicion that—"

"That what, Mr. Smith?"

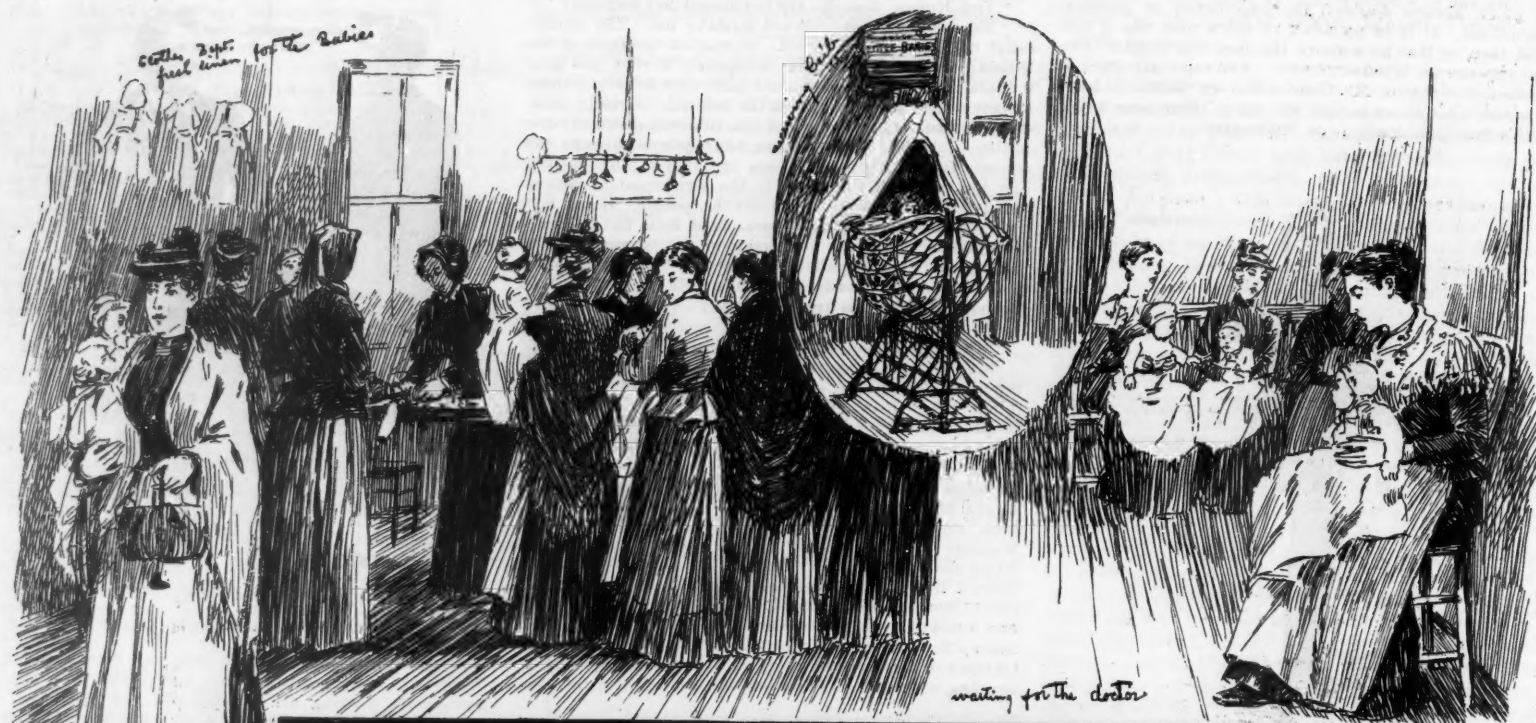
"That the Russian story in ONCE A WEEK will be thoroughly 'blackened out!'"

J. H. G.

THEY GET 'EM ANYHOW.

BOGGS—"It is of no use to coin silver dollars; we can't send them over to England to pay for anything we want."

FOGGS—"Oh, well, we can give them to the English actors for our amusements."



PAYMENT DAY AT THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM, NEW YORK CITY.

[See "The Babies Pay the Rent."]

THE FOSTER-CHILD.

THERE was a little child whose dear young face
Was beautiful as earthly face can be;
As creeps the timid to a resting-place,
She came to me.

In perfect love she lingered at my side,
And chattered simple words upon my knee.
My love was of a kind that must abide
Eternally.

How sweet to feel the pressure of her hand—
To hear the voice and see the quiet face;
The eyes whose language I could understand,
The childish grace.

O little child! and if I loved you thus,
It was because you seemed a gift from Heaven;
I thought a Father's mercy, piteous,
Had fondly given.

There came a time when He was pleased to call
My little child, and leave me quite alone.
The broken baby toys are now my all,
That were her own.

And if my tears fall sometimes when I take
The little wooden horse upon my knee,
And if my voice with sudden sobs may break,
Who laughs at me?—A. L. S.

THE BABIES PAY THE RENT.

It was "foster-mothers' day" at the great Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, and along Sixty-eighth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, came very many tidily-dressed women with babies in their arms or little ones toddling by their side. There were gayly-dressed, buxom Italian women, thrifty-looking Germans, smiling, happy Irish matrons and a few contented

ished on the little stranger, who filled the void in her sorrowing heart caused by the death of her own baby. It is very sad, but with us there is one supreme consideration, and that is to guard the best interests of the little ones. Under no circumstances will any woman be permitted to adopt or keep as her own the child given her to nurse. It is sometimes very hard to enforce this rule, but in so doing we bear strictly in mind the future of the child. It would grow up in the neighborhood where it had been known as a foundling, and it is to prevent that stigma following the child through life that we enforce this seemingly harsh measure.

"The tearful reluctance with which these foster-mothers part from their little charges is oftentimes very touching. I remember instances where the foster-mother haunted this square day after day hoping to get a glimpse of the child through the windows, or when the little ones were sent into the garden to play."

Within the institution the greatest order and quiet reigned, although twelve hundred women with their charges were scattered about the place. At the pay-desk were several sisters and two of the earliest patronesses of the asylum, Mrs. Paul Thebaud and Mrs. J. M. Bouvier. The nurses were formed in long files extending through the broad corridors, and were kept in line by two policemen who were in attendance. The Italian nurses were most picturesque. It was a gala day for them, and they were decked with all their finery. Their shining black tresses were uncovered by bonnet or hat, great gold earrings hung from their ears and the flaming colors of their frocks would have kindled the enthusiasm of an artist.

Island: "When I first took a baby from the sisters to mind we had a hard struggle to get on, and my boys, could not get their schooling, but now we have a nice little place of our own, all paid for, and a cow, and I have taken back to the sisters two as fine little boys as any in the asylum."

Another nurse said to me: "God took my baby from me and gave me one of His little ones to pay the rent for us, last Winter, while my husband was out of work. Shure, she's bought me an elegant sewing machine, and we've had nothing but luck since I took her."

When the children have attained three years, they are then ready for adoption. The sisters are constantly in receipt of requests for children. Some of these letters are amusing, many are pathetic.

A Western farmer writes: "Please send me a nice little red-haired boy. I have a red-haired wife and five red-headed girls, and we want a boy to match."

A childless wife writes: "We would like a little girl between three and five years old, with dark auburn or brown hair and blue eyes—must have a pretty nose."

Yet another request reads: "Will the good sisters send my wife and myself a smart, stout, saucy boy of six—Irish parentage?"

Experience has proved to the sisters that city homes for their little ones often fail to be permanent and satisfactory; sudden reverses of fortune, the crowded mode of living and consequent danger of bad associations, the possibility of being recognized and branded as foundlings—these and other reasons have induced the sisters to give the preference to Western homes. The agent of the institution inquires into the means of the persons applying for



THE FOSTER-MOTHERS ASSEMBLING FOR INSPECTION.

colored folk. It was the orphans' pay-day, and the foster-mothers had brought their little charges for the inspection of the good sisters, for new clothing and to collect the money due them for caring for the little ones.

There rested no cloud on the faces of these children of misfortune. They laughed and gurgled and chattered, and bright eyes grew wide with wondrous pleasure as they gazed at the toys their tiny fingers grasped.

It was a scene to make childless women weep and to make bachelors forego their vows of celibacy.

As I approached the entrance of the institution, walking slowly through this smiling throng, I became aware of one disturbing element. It was the face of a little woman of perhaps middle age. Her eyes looked swollen and red, as if with weeping, and she pecked nervously at the fringe of a faded shawl with fingers that were curiously knotty and muscular to belong to so slight a woman. So impressed was I at the evident distress of the woman that I called the attention of the sweet-faced sister, who greeted me at the door, to her.

"Ah, that is one of the sad features that we so often encounter," said she. "That woman is, or rather was, a foster-mother to one of the children. The little one had been with her nearly two years, had been weaned and was taken back to the asylum to-day, as is customary when they arrive at that age. The woman is married, but has lost her own child, and all her mother-love has been lav-

The sisters are very partial to the Italian women as wet-nurses. They are, as a class, vigorously healthy, and of very affectionate disposition. They become warmly attached to their little charges, and bestow upon them the greatest care.

The colored babies are given to colored women to nurse, but this class of foundling is always very much in the minority. More than eleven thousand dollars is paid out each month for this branch of the asylum's work, and the money thus spent serves the double purpose of securing the welfare of the foundlings and paying the rent for hundreds of poor families. Ten dollars a month is paid for the care of nursing babies, and eight dollars for children who do not require nursing. Women of all nationalities and creeds are permitted to become nurses, the important object being that they shall be strong and healthy. Babies are generally taken from Italian nurses before they arrive at two years, so that they remember nothing of such early association.

The little "rent-payers," as these foundlings are termed by the poor women who take them to nurse, form no inconsiderable feature in the domestic economy of hundreds of poor families, and it appears to be the conviction of the majority of these foster-mothers that especial good fortune attends those who faithfully and lovingly care for these little, deserted ones.

Said a motherly, pleasant-featured nurse from Long

the adoption of children, and when a sufficiently large number are gathered, going in the same direction, a little band is formed under the protection of matrons of the asylum, and the little ones are sent off to the "papas and mammas" to whom they have all along been taught they would go some day.

Since the founding of the asylum, twenty-three years ago, 23,611 children have been received. No. 23,611 is a feminine atom of humanity who was placed in the cradle at the entrance while I conversed with Sister Teresa Vincent, the secretary of the institution. The little stranger bore a card pinned to her frock asking that she be named Lizzie W—. While Miss Lizzie was taken away to be bathed and provided with a wardrobe of new clothing, Sister Vincent called my attention to the cradle. It is of wicker-work and prettily adorned with ribbons and laces.

"That cradle has held over twenty thousand children," said she, "for here everyone who brings a child must lay it, thus indicating by that act that they relinquish all claim to it."

"What has become of these children?" I asked.

"Homes have been found for the majority of them, many of the girls are happy wives, and the boys have, in most instances, entered careers of usefulness. One of these is a young lawyer, the graduate of a university, who promises to make a brilliant record."

During the past twelve years more than six thousand

children have been indentured with adopted parents, the sisters meanwhile retaining supervision of them until they become of age. The identity of these children is very carefully guarded by the managers of the institution, and never through them can a child be branded with the stigma of "foundling."

I asked Sister Vincent of the rumor that I had heard, to the effect that a child, a girl who had been among the first to be received in the institution and who had been adopted by people in the Far West, who subsequently became very wealthy, had recently become a princess through marriage into a noble Continental house.

Sister Vincent only smiled, however, and said: "Indeed, such things are possible; but were it so we would not speak of it." A walk through the institution was truly an incursion into babyland. No prettier picture than the nursery presented could be imagined. Rows of cribs, all spotless white with lace and linen, here and there a young mother nursing her own child and also that of a stranger by way of recompense for the shielding care the sisters have thrown about her erring. One of these young mothers presented such a charming picture that I cannot forbear reproducing as much of it as is possible in words.

She was fair—of the pink-and-white complexion one rarely finds except in the women of the Norse. Her hair was fair and as pale as amber in the blue beams of sunlight that fell aslant through the windows of colored glass. The color of her eyes I could only guess, for, in that atmosphere of turquoise blue, they were soft and liquid, and of that deeper shade that turns to violet in the sunshine. Her eyebrows, in graceful arches, seemed to have been put on with an amber-tinted pencil. She was of medium figure; plump, with a small mouth, scarlet lips, the under one full and pouting; teeth, regular and pearl-like, and a skin of the peculiar whiteness of the invalid. For this erring one the gentle sister who acted as my guide had only smiles. Two tiny forms nestled in the crib beside which sat this young mother—one with the blue eyes and fair skin of its mother, the other with piercing black eyes and swarthy skin that proclaimed it another's.

Through the nursery came a troop of romping little ones. They see so few men that I presume that explained the interest they took in me and my belongings. One little fellow begged for my stick, and, mounting it, rode off shouting, even as Richard III.:

"A horse! A horse! A horse!"

Another appeared content to be permitted to carry my hat.

From the nursery it was only a step to the kindergarten hall where fifty children were singing at their games. Out of compliment to the visitor three little tots came before the class and sang:

"The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat."

They were joined in the chorus by the entire class, and entered into it with tremendous enthusiasm. No doubt to their infantile minds the elopement of the owl and the pussy-cat and their subsequent fate was a terrible reality.

It would not be possible to write any just account of the Foundling Asylum without some mention of the gentle little woman to whose devotion and untiring energy the noble institution is a monument, Sister Irene, the Sister Superior of the institution. Twenty-three years ago, scarcely a morning passed without its being recorded in the daily journals that the body of a new-born babe had been found floating near the dock, buried in an ash-barrel or flung into some lonely area. Each day an armful of little unfortunates, picked up by the police on their night-beats, were carried to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island to be bottle-fed by the aged paupers. The majority of these died during infancy. The archbishop of New York, afterward His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, who was keenly alive to every want of his diocese, urged upon the Sisters of Charity the duty of saving these little deserted ones; and, in obedience to his wish and the promptings of divine charity, the great work was finally undertaken. Three sisters were appointed to the new mission, under the charge of Sister Irene, who, having been for many years the superior of a house in one of the crowded districts, was familiar with the wants of the poor, and had often pleaded the cause of the little ones, many of whom had been abandoned at her door. The sisters at once rented a small house at No. 17 East Twelfth street, and there, on October 11, 1869, the New York Foundling Asylum was formally opened. The first infant was left the same day about dusk, and another was found on the stoop during the night, in spite of the rain that was falling in torrents. Within a month the number reached forty-five and the house was full. A ladies' society was organized to assist the sisters, with Mrs. Paul L. Thebaud as president, Mrs. Terrence Donnelly, first vice-president; Mrs. Eugene Kelly, second vice-president; Mrs. John Fox, secretary, and Mrs. F. A. Otis, assistant secretary. These ladies introduced Sister Irene to influential friends, and inspired her with confidence by their active co-operation. The Hon. S. S. Cox gave a lecture for the benefit of the new institution, which brought in ten thousand dollars, two matinees given by Mr. Augustin Daly realized fifteen thousand dollars, and a subscription-ball, gotten up by Mr. Dennis O'Donoghue, brought six thousand five hundred dollars. There were generous gifts besides—ten thousand dollars from Mr. Louis White, five thousand dollars from Mr. Ceballos and five thousand dollars from Mr. Higgins.

In 1870 the sisters removed the asylum to more commodious quarters on Washington Square, with brighter prospects for the future, for the Legislature inaugurated a scheme of aid and authorized the city to grant a site for an asylum with an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that a similar amount should be raised by subscription. To raise this sum, a fair was organized, under the auspices of the following committee of gentlemen: John E. Alexandre, James A. Beales, John D.

Crimmins, Edward L. Donnelly, James R. Floyd, William Lummis, John Murphy, John McNulty, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Thomas H. O'Connor, James Redmond, Joseph Thoron, T. Glover Barry, R. P. Charles, Bernard Casserly, John Fox, Arthur Leary, Patrick Malone, John Mullins, Charles O'Connor, Dennis O'Donoghue, Jeremiah Quinlan, Paul L. Thebaud and James Wallace.

Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue acted as treasurer, and, through his influence and exertions, the fair realized seventy-one thousand five hundred dollars. The sum required was made up by several donations, collected mainly by Mrs. R. Connolly. Many anxious days intervened, however, before the institution on Sixty-eighth street reached its present grand proportions; but Sister Irene never lost courage, nor appealed to her friends in vain. During the incumbency of Governor Dix, a bill was passed by the Legislature which established the finances of the institution on a secure footing, by granting a per capita allowance of thirty-eight cents per day.

As I left this institution, teeming with such live interest, and walked down Sixty-eighth street, I heard the voices of children at play in the beautiful gardens of the asylum. Between them and the street is a light iron railing. Glancing, I saw a woman's slender form pressed against the iron bars of the ornamental gate at the top of a short flight of steps leading from the sidewalk to the garden.

It was the same sorrowing foster-mother I had encountered on my way to the asylum.

She had passed all these weary hours waiting to catch a glimpse of the little one to whom she had given her mother-love!

I crept close to her. She had induced a wee girl, perhaps the one she had nursed, to come to the gate. And now, holding the dimpled fingers of the baby in her own work-distorted fingers, she alternately kissed them and gazed into the pretty face, while great sobs shook her frame with convulsive tremors.

My approach must have alarmed her, for, saying to the child, "Kiss me, baby!" she pressed her tear-stained face against the unyielding bars, and, touching the lips of the child, turned and fled down the street, sobbing as if her heart would break.

B. I. D.

ROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THE United States Grand Jury at Chicago will try to get the inside facts of the Reading deal.

England will accept the invitation of the United States to take part in an international conference on the silver question.

The Methodist Conference at Omaha condemned the Chinese Exclusion Bill and protested against the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday.

Dynamiters are at work in Caracas, Venezuela. It is reported that Crespo's son has escaped. President Palacio is in danger and surrounded by alarms. His final overthrow seems a mere matter of time.

The two political leaders in England are now on record with reference to the eight-hour movement. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone have both pronounced against it.

Opinions of experts differ as to whether there will be an overflow of the Lower Mississippi. The probabilities are that the overflow will not occur, except in isolated localities and as the result of minor breaks in the embankments.

A sorcerer, Dr. Liberto, has come to light in a New York police court charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. He claimed to have influence with Satan, which he sold to the superstitious. He will doubtless need his patron when the penitentiary claims him as its own.

Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, of the Tenth United States Cavalry, has returned from his leave of absence in Germany, where he was permitted to serve as an officer in the Eleventh Hussars. He states that our soldiers are treated better than the Kaiser's; but that the German cavalry is superior to ours, owing to constant practice.

As far away as Portland, Ore., is, the Presbyterian General Assembly there is one of the most largely attended assemblies yet held in this country. Twenty-two carloads of delegates left Chicago on the 12th in three sections.

By a mine explosion at Roslyn, Wash., whose cause will never be known to a certainty, thirty-four miners perished, nearly all of whom leave families after them. Mayor Miller, of Roslyn, has moved with vigor, and the widows and orphans will be cared for promptly. No blame attaches to anyone. Wild rumors, to the effect that the mine had for months been known as unsafe, have been traced and found untrue. The most probable explanation is the very common one of the striking of a gas-pocket whose contents took fire from a miner's lamp. Verily, bountiful Nature often guards her hidden treasures with a vengeance!

The nitrate combine in London have ordered the output of their deposits in Chili to be limited, owing to a depression in the market. Chilean workmen must see now that a mistake was made when English capital was given control of the nitrate-beds. Had American capital received the preference, Chilean workmen would never hear of such things as a combine, limiting the output and throwing them out of work. We never combine here, except on coal, sugar, binding twine, etc.

Pope Leo XIII will publish an encyclical about the time of the World's Fair, in which he will trace the life of Columbus and indicate the part taken by the Holy See in the events leading up and subsequent to the discovery of America.

Jay Gould is reported to have secured control of the Pecos Valley Railroad, which runs from Pecos, Tex., to Eddy, N. M. The entire trade of Southeastern New Mexico will thus be in his possession, and that part of the Territory is developing with rapid strides. So far as heard

from, nobody has been squeezed by this deal of Mr. Gould's, and the people of the Southwest, where the "Little Wizard" is making a prolonged stay, seem to do him honor on every possible occasion. It may be added that Mr. Gould's health is pretty fair for an old man.

The American schooner *Bucephalus*, Captain William Jennett, arrived at Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, in distress, April 23d. She had sixty persons on board. On survey by the United States consul, she was pronounced unseaworthy. She was built in 1853, and, in fact, owed her owners not a cent. It was fortunate the unseaworthiness did not go any further than Colon.

The Industrial Christian Alliance has undertaken to reform tramps, and has furnished a home for men at 113 Macdougall street, New York City. The test applied is work. Those who will not work will not have the benefits of the home. This scheme has often been tried before; but it will not be amiss, perhaps, to try it again.

Emperor William publicly thanked a sentry who killed one workman and severely wounded another, the shooting being done under circumstances which did not justify it even under present German ideas of a sentry's duty. The action of the emperor is severely criticised by the press and public; but there is no revolution in sight. Young William still calls it "my army." It looks that way over here, too.

Negro colonists near Kingfisher, O. T., are destitute. They charge the organizers of their expedition with misappropriating funds set apart to tide them over until they could raise a crop. The colony have appealed for aid through Hon. E. P. McCabe, the colored ex-auditor of Kansas.

The governor of North Dakota has called an extra session of the Legislature for June 1st to make provision for the choosing of Presidential electors and to raise the World's Fair appropriation from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. We like North Dakota's style of governor.

Several ladies of New York, whose charity has a charming leaven of active enterprise, have made arrangements to furnish sterilized milk to the babies of the poor during the heated term. The Good Samaritan Dispensary, at Essex and Broome streets, have given them a room for the sterilizing apparatus. Contributions in aid of the work will be received by Mrs. O. McDaniel, 1674 Broadway.

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has found on investigation that the following forms of discipline, among others, are resorted to by English parents: Putting pins and sometimes lighted matches into the nostrils; biting, one case reported being a baby seven months old so treated until its body was covered with blood; tying a rope around the neck, dropping the subject into a canal and drawing out just in the nick of time to save murder. The reports would be incredible were it not for the source from which they came. Mr. Fowler, a member of the House of Commons, suggested that legislation is needed to protect children. The most hideous instances of cruelty, he said, have occurred in families of wealth, and public opinion must be brought to bear to fight the evil. There is no doubt that when England begins this work the fiends who torture and neglect their own flesh and blood will realize that English law has a warm corner in its heart for childhood.

Colonel Jacob Ruppert, of Governor Flower's staff and son of the New York millionaire brewer, was detained by Scotland Yard detectives, on a recent trip to Europe, owing to his resemblance to a thief and forger who was wanted. The colonel's thumb saved him from arrest. The party wanted had a razor-mark on that member, while the colonel has not. We should always guard our thumb from razors.

The new gunboat *Castine* was launched on the 11th, at the Bath (Me.) Iron Works. Length on load line, 190 feet; breadth, extreme, 33 feet; displacement, 1,000 tons; indicated horse-power, 1,600; speed, 14 knots. The *Castine* is a small, fast, twin-screw, steel gunboat, carrying a very powerful outfit of heavy rapid-fire and machine-guns, a large supply of coal and a complement of one hundred and fifty men.

Commander "Fighting Rob" Evans has gone to find the Behring Sea poachers. The outfit with which he will police the sealing region looks up as follows: *Yorktown*, *Adams*, *Ranger*, *Mohican*, *Albatross*, *Rush*, *Corwin* and *Bear*. If the poachers want to interview "Fighting Rob," they will have many chances about the season when we in the "States" are enjoying "fly-time."

The village of Tomachie, in Chihuahua, Mexico, has lately been the scene of the wildest fanaticism, aroused by the presence of a pretended Messiah. The Mexican Government sent troops to quiet the disturbers, but the people resisted, and drove the soldiers into the mountains. Now a larger force has been sent with orders to utterly destroy the village by an attack on all sides. Cannot Mexico do better than this, in this age of enlightenment? It is a veritable rule or ruin!

Eminent Catholic clergymen and laymen of the United States have organized a Catholic Assembly, similar to the Chautauqua Summer Assembly. The meetings will be held on Carleton Island, in the St. Lawrence. The first session this Summer will last three weeks. Forty-five lectures will be given on ethics, science and revealed religion, history, political economy, literature and miscellaneous topics. The Reading Circle feature of the Chautauqua plan is already in full operation through the Catholic Reading Circles, and it is believed that the Assembly will spring into vigorous, full-grown life at once.

French soldiers are below par in King Dahomey's dominions. His majesty's mulatto physician fell, as a spy, into the hands of the invaders, and, to secure his release, a number of French hostages were sent to Porto Novo and an exchange asked for. The king now has his physician and does not care whether school keeps or not.



EVERYBODY professes to like a horse—fashionable city people most of all. But it is astonishing what a difference is made by the place in which the animal is to be seen. Last Autumn there was a horse show in New York which was more popular than any opera ever given in the world. The great big Madison Square Garden, holding about ten thousand people, was practically crowded every day, and that indefinite though very large class of people known as "the best society" were among the most enthusiastic frequenters. The management was delighted, and wanted to show its appreciation of public regard by giving something a great deal better; so this season a magnificent exhibition was projected to be given out-of-doors, where the horse would be "on his native heath," so to speak. The plan was put into execution in admirable style and the entries were many. The animals were the best of their kind and showed to far better advantage under the blue sky and in the bright sunlight than they ever could have done within brick walls and amid the glare of electric lights, but the attendance fell off very rapidly from that of the previous year. It is quite evident that people who go to horse shows may be divided into two classes—those who want to look at the horses and those who enjoy looking at other people. In a big building anyone can see anyone else, especially if he has an opera-glass in hand; but in a great outdoor area where people are moving about, and where the distances are great, there is nothing but the horses themselves to look at. It is quite as well, however, to know the facts in the case, for horse-breeding and training is a great business, and shouldn't be threatened or broken down by false hopes excited through the pleasure which a lot of people with nothing to do can find in the latest new thing within a few blocks of their own houses, and where they can look on from easy-chairs and be seen by all their acquaintances who choose to drop in and talk with them about horses and other things—principally the latter.

Astronomers don't seem to have the slightest respect for ancient traditions and for systems of history. They are worse even than the geologists. These last-named gentlemen once upset the religious world for quite awhile by insisting that the world is some thousands of years older than people had been led to suppose by students of the Bible. In a short time, however, church authorities informed their people that there was no such thing as a calendar going back to the time of Adam, and that periods of time mentioned in Holy Writ were not easily expressed in the English language. Even the geologists, however, will be startled by the statement recently made by the astronomers that the new comet, at which all telescopes are now being directed whenever there is a clear night, has been on its way about eight million years to reach its present position, and is not likely to visit us again until Father Time has become old enough to take himself out of existence through sheer weariness. The figures by which this result was reached haven't been printed; and, perhaps, it is quite as well for the sake of science that they are kept out of sight, for scientists have quite as much imagination as other people, and once in awhile they are compelled to revise their own statements in a manner which makes the incredulous "larf sarkastikal," as Josh Billings used to say.

We don't hear as much about the conscience fund nowadays as we used to, from which it appears that the old-fashioned conscience is going out of date, or that men haven't as many chances of stealing as they had in flush war times and the equally flush times of the Tweed ring and Albany crowd. New York's treasury received a hundred dollars on conscience fund a few days ago, but the entire sum since 1886 has been only a thousand dollars, which shows that there is need for a great deal more preaching, and arresting, and imprisonment, if conscience is to be allowed to do its perfect work.

Truth is always stranger than fiction, and so much stranger that it ought to sometimes discourage professional romancers as well as the great army of depraved liars. The old story of the wicked son repenting and coming home to his mother has been told in a hundred Sunday-school books and other moral tales, but there has recently been a case of the kind in New York which, for actual details, outdoes anything that has ever appeared in print before. A handsome fellow, who had run away from home twenty-five years before, turned up in New York two days ago, to make his mother happy and to tell her how sorry he was that he had been a bad boy; but when he found the old lady she was lying on a slab at the Morgue, and—which adds to the truthfulness of the story—he hadn't any money in his pocket with which to give her decent burial. There are plenty of cases of the kind going on all the while, particularly in the detail of the returned prodigal coming home "dead broke," as was the condition of the first person of the kind of whom we have any record—the young man who was mentioned in the Holy Scripture and about whom a great many thousand sermons have been preached.

A young woman who wrote a clever book awhile ago called "A Social Departure," in which she described a trip made by herself and another lady to Japan, didn't know what an excitement she was going to make. A number of parties of ladies, unattended, have hurried from the United States to the land of the chrysanthemum, the wonderful porcelain and the picturesque dresses, and last week one of our most popular actresses started on a similar trip. Japan is a very pleasant land to visit, so long as the visitors remain in the large cities where there is a United

States consul within easy call and a number of business Americans who are delighted to extend courtesies, but we beg to remind adventurous young women that Japan is not all a show country.

Our army has not yet discovered how to prevent desertion. All sorts of good things have been done for the private soldier, and yet in the past six months there have been more than four hundred desertions—about four per cent. of the entire untrained force, excluding officers. There can be no doubt that the trouble will continue until there is an entire change of management, so that our little army may become what the army of a republican nation should be—democratic instead of aristocratic. Until the private soldier may regard himself as good socially and in every other way, when off duty, as his superior officers, we never will get a class of men in the ranks who will not be tempted to desert.

Everyone who is proud of the mechanical achievements of the United States will take pleasure in the announcement that another American shipyard has turned out a great big steamship. It isn't as large as some of the ocean greyhounds, but it measures three hundred and fifty feet in length, and sustained a long sea trial under government supervision at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. This is interesting, in view of the means which some of our people are making over the recent admission to American registry of the two best steamers of the Inman Line. It is no use to express doubt that we can build good big steamships on this side of the ocean, and build them cheap. The late John Roach, one of the best known and most able shipbuilders who has been known in the United States since iron vessels came in, and himself a careful searcher for all subsidies and protective duties that could be extorted from Congress to help the business along, once said plainly to a Congressional committee that steamships could be built in this country at one hundred dollars per ton, which is the customary price at all the best British shipyards, the only thing in the way of doing work at this price being the small quantity of work which American shipbuilders could get. The new steamer just alluded to had to be built here, for she belongs to our own Pacific mail line, which, by law, is compelled to have all its vessels built in America, and to have them officered by Americans also. But perhaps the new law, admitting certain British-built vessels, will give such an impetus to the business that we shall take some shipbuilding trade from England. It certainly looks so to anyone who reads the dismal prognostications which have recently been cabled over here from the British shipyards.

A few religious people and a few thousand sporting people will be glad to learn that the handsome Westchester County estate known as the "Tom Paine farm" has just been sold to a company which will make it a stock-farm with a one-mile trotting course. The history of this farm takes everybody back to the Revolutionary period, or, to the close of it, when the State of New York, desirous of expressing its appreciation of the great service which Paine rendered to the patriotic cause during the war, purchased and presented the best farm procurable to the famous author of "The Rights of Man." Paine wasn't much of a farmer, and, according to all written and traditional accounts, he spent most of his time looking over his broad acres and wondering what next to do with them. He was buried by the side of the road which runs through his estate; but his remains were afterward taken up and carried to England, where some of his admirers thought he was held in higher respect than in the country whose cause he espoused. But there seems to have been some mistake about it, for England failed to find a proper resting-place for them, and no one knows where they are now. The monument erected over them still remains, and it is a strange fact, and illustrative of the change of opinion which has come in religious matters during the lifetime of the past two generations, that the monument is cared for by an extremely orthodox Presbyterian deacon. Relic-hunters have chipped it most mercilessly; but, a few years ago, a lot of men, who regarded the great Revolutionary writer more for what he did than what he tried to undo, restored the monument to its original condition; and the inscriptions upon it to-day, although not a word has been changed from the original, do not excite disapprobation in the most orthodox religious mind.

The man with the story of a treasure-ship has turned up again, and like any fellow of proper spirit, he has made his story a great deal bigger than any which went before. According to him, a lot of barges full of gold were sunk near the Isthmus, on the Pacific side, one day about sixty years ago, when a pirate appeared in the vicinity with a desire to suddenly make himself rich. It is rather odd, while stories of this sort are appearing about once a year, and companies are being organized to look for the sunken treasure, that a couple of Americans down in South America have been making a good living all the while by washing over the sand on a certain portion of the beach and getting out a great deal of ingot and scrap gold which comes ashore after strong westerly gales. These fellows have been hard at work to locate the original source of the treasure, which local tradition says is a sunken ship which was on its way from Peru to the Isthmus in the early Spanish days, and as some of the scraps of gold recovered bear the stamp-mark of King Philip II., there seems to be some circumstantial evidence in favor of the story. Unlike other treasure-ship men, however, these two Yankees quietly work their little claim as if it were a farm, not trying to get up a stock company, or borrow money, or do anything else which would cause people to laugh at their story.

What airs the Hub of the Universe does put on! It is about to surround children during school life with the best art influences, and talks as if it were an entirely new idea. Now, the fact is that this sort of thing has been going on for some time in other places, among which are the little

city of Elizabeth, N. J., and the sister city of Orange, where a couple of young ladies have been engaged for several years in teaching children of every grade of intelligence, and some who apparently have no intelligence at all, to draw, carve, paint, stamp upon metals and leather, and in every way to learn the use of their hands, and also to teach them to use their eyes, always under proper artistic guidance. In the College for the Training of Teachers in the city of New York—an institution which is not part of the public school system—a great many young men and young women are being taught every year how to train the art-sense of others. One of the unexpected results of the work in the city of Elizabeth—a city which contains a large number of manufacturing establishments—was that a few master mechanics and foremen in the factories were so delighted with the work which their children brought home, done by their own hands, that they signed a petition to the teacher to open a night school for them, the practical mechanics; for the old fellows said that their children already knew more about technical drawing and modeling than their fathers had been able to pick up in twenty, thirty or forty years of practice. None of this detracts from the merit of Boston's new conception; it merely shows that Boston does not always lead the world, although it sometimes follows it with a remarkable degree of intelligence.

A few years ago the London *Spectator* made a great deal of fun for American editors and other American readers by printing a long and thoughtful editorial, full of amazement and moral reflection, about a convention of drunkards which took place in the United States. The truth is, that through a slight error of sound and a large mistake of sense, the *Spectator* got drunkards mixed with 'Tunkards—a religious sect with a name so outlandish that it is not strange that the cablegram-receivers on the English side replaced it by a word which sounded nearest like it, and with which they, as Englishmen, were far more familiar. The *Spectator* may have its revenge now, though, if it likes, for the meeting of the graduates of the Keeley Institute for the cure of drunkards has been quite largely attended, more than a hundred men being present, all of them responsible old soakers, yet now demanding nothing stronger than bichloride of gold. Perhaps they have the same sort of thing in England; but if they do, and the treatment were compulsory for all persons given to taking too much, there would be no building in the United Kingdom which could hold the aggregate of small delegations from the various English towns and cities.

The serious trouble about committing suicide is that no one ever knows when is the proper time to do it. The old story of Chatterton, who killed himself just as he was about to become famous, has been matched a great many times in modern times, and most recently by a man who killed himself out West a few days ago while there was a letter in the post-office announcing that someone had died and left about ten thousand dollars awaiting his order. It is always well to think carefully before killing one's self, because then a fellow isn't likely to do it, and he will save his friends and the newspaper reporters a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

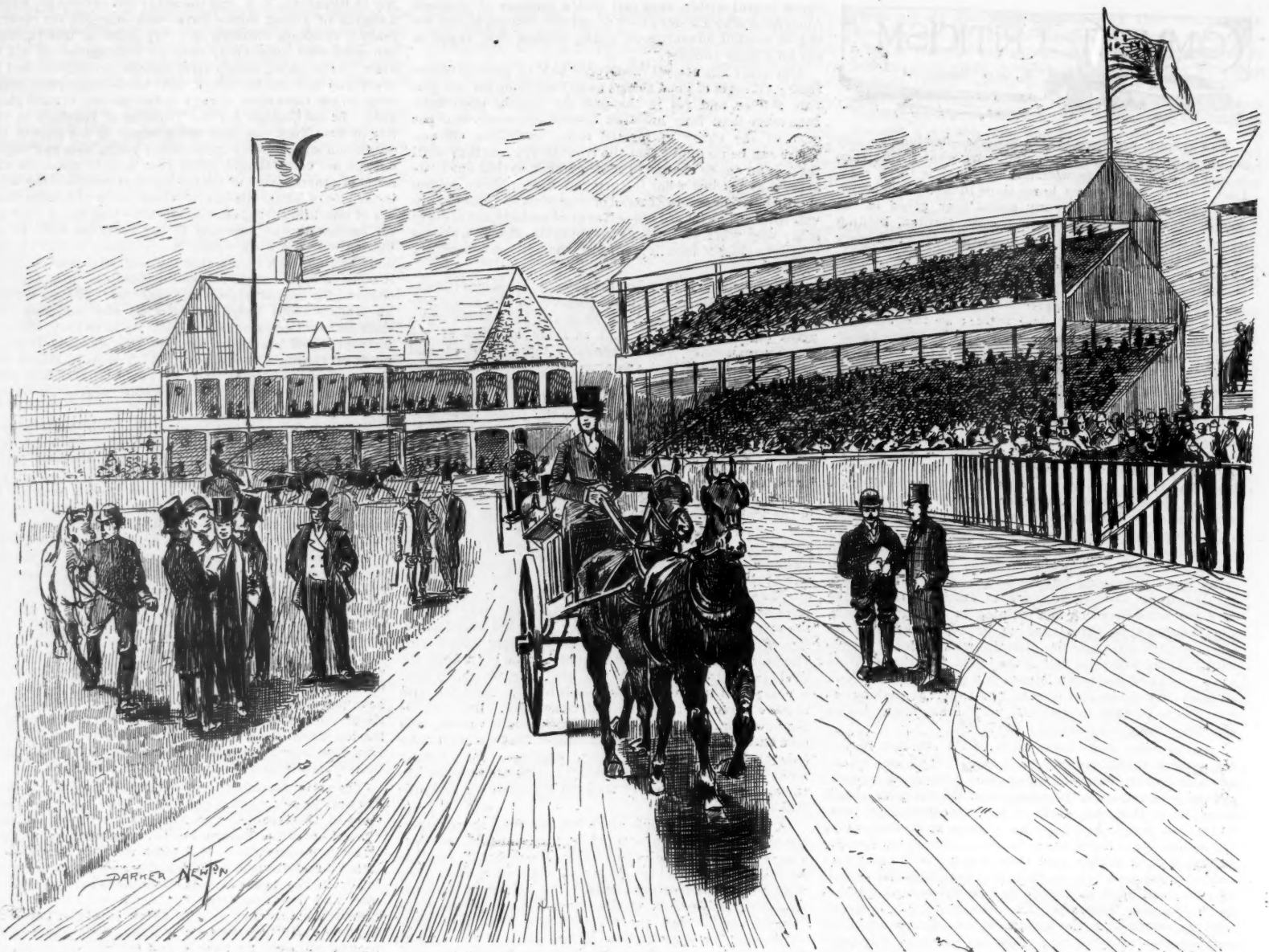
ANOTHER WOMAN THEATRICAL MANAGER.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE is about to invade the dangerously adventurous country of authorism with a dramatic version of one of Rudyard Kipling's works, with the permission of the writer. She intends to put the piece on in a theater under her own management. She lives in a pretty villa at St. John's Wood. Miss Nethersole has had great experience as an actress, and ought to be a good



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

judge of the popular taste, whilst she is an excellent woman of business. Indeed, you are at once impressed on meeting her with the influence of her intellectual capacities, to which the contour of her thoughtful brows and the mystery of her dark eyes afford additional testimony. Miss Nethersole has just appeared in a series of five matinees with "Agatha," a poetic play by Isaac Henderson.



JUDGING THE TANDEM TEAMS AT THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

A HORSE-WORLD FETE.

PRIOR to the Brooklyn Handicap, all New York was attracted by the open-air Horse Show, held by the Horse and Cattle Society, on Manhattan Field, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. The prospect is backed up by many of the most influential horsemen in the city, including Colonel Jay, Prescott Lawrence, Reginald Rives, Theodore Havemeyer, Francis T. Underhill, Mayor Grant, T. Suffer Tailor and George Green. All the names have become familiar from their close association with the Madison Square Garden exhibition, and from this it will be gathered that the new venture is not in opposition to the older association.

To a far greater extent than the show in the Garden this open-air gathering is dependent for success on the favorable state of the weather. The first two days were made to order, but on Wednesday morning it rained in torrents, so much so that the day's programme had to be postponed. This unfortunate, though not unforeseen, contretemps undoubtedly cost the new society several thousands, as it seemed to take all the "sting" out of the affair.

As compared with the Garden reunion, the open-air show was on a far more practical and business-like basis. The horses were judged in a capacious ring with a quarter of a mile track, while the "timber toppers" were put at natural fences, and not the flimsy structures to be seen at the covered show. Furthermore, the judges had been selected for their practical knowledge of horses, and not from a kid-glove, white-boutonniere point of view. At the show itself, horse predominated, not human frailties and vanities—in fact, the open-air exhibition was a horse show, whereas the older rival is a hippodrome, vying with Barnum's and other circuses.

As regards the exhibits, there were four hundred odd actual horses which, with duplicate nominations, swelled the entries to six hundred and twenty-eight, the popular classes being filled as follows: Harness horses, 85; tandems, 24; four-in-hands, 7; ponies, 60; saddle horses, 107; hunters, 131, and high-steppers, 40. The number would have been greatly increased but for the time of year, as the classes for stallions and brood mares suffered greatly on this account. The quality of hunters and jumpers was immense, while the saddle and harness horses were in front of anything yet seen here. Among the jumpers, George Pepper's Queensberry, who holds the high jump record—seven feet two and one-half inches—is probably the most wonderful performer over sticks yet seen. He is a big, raking bay, with his hocks very close to the ground, and he takes his fences in the cleverest and most natural style imaginable. The harness competitions brought out some rare specimens, Harry Hamlin, of trot-



FACES SEEN ON THE LAWN AND GRANDSTAND AT THE HORSE SHOW.

ting fame, showing a pair of brown mares—Gladys and Queen—that for style, knee action and quality are unrivaled. The following gentlemen judged in the different classes:

Thoroughbreds—Foxhall Keene, of Cedarhurst, L. I., Peter Walden, of Eatontown, N. J., and James Rowe, of Brooklyn; trotters and roadsters—Carl S. Burr, of Long Island, Rensselaer Weston, of New York, and C. P. Williams, of Stonington, Conn.; hackneys—W. B. Powell, of Shadeland, Pa., A. R. Galbraith and A. H. Godfrey, assistant secretary of the American Hackney Society; Clydesdales, Percherons and heavy draught horses—Harvey Marsh, A. R. Galbraith and W. B. Powell; harness horses, tandems, four-in-hands and ponies in harness—Oscar Moulton, of Batavia, F. M.



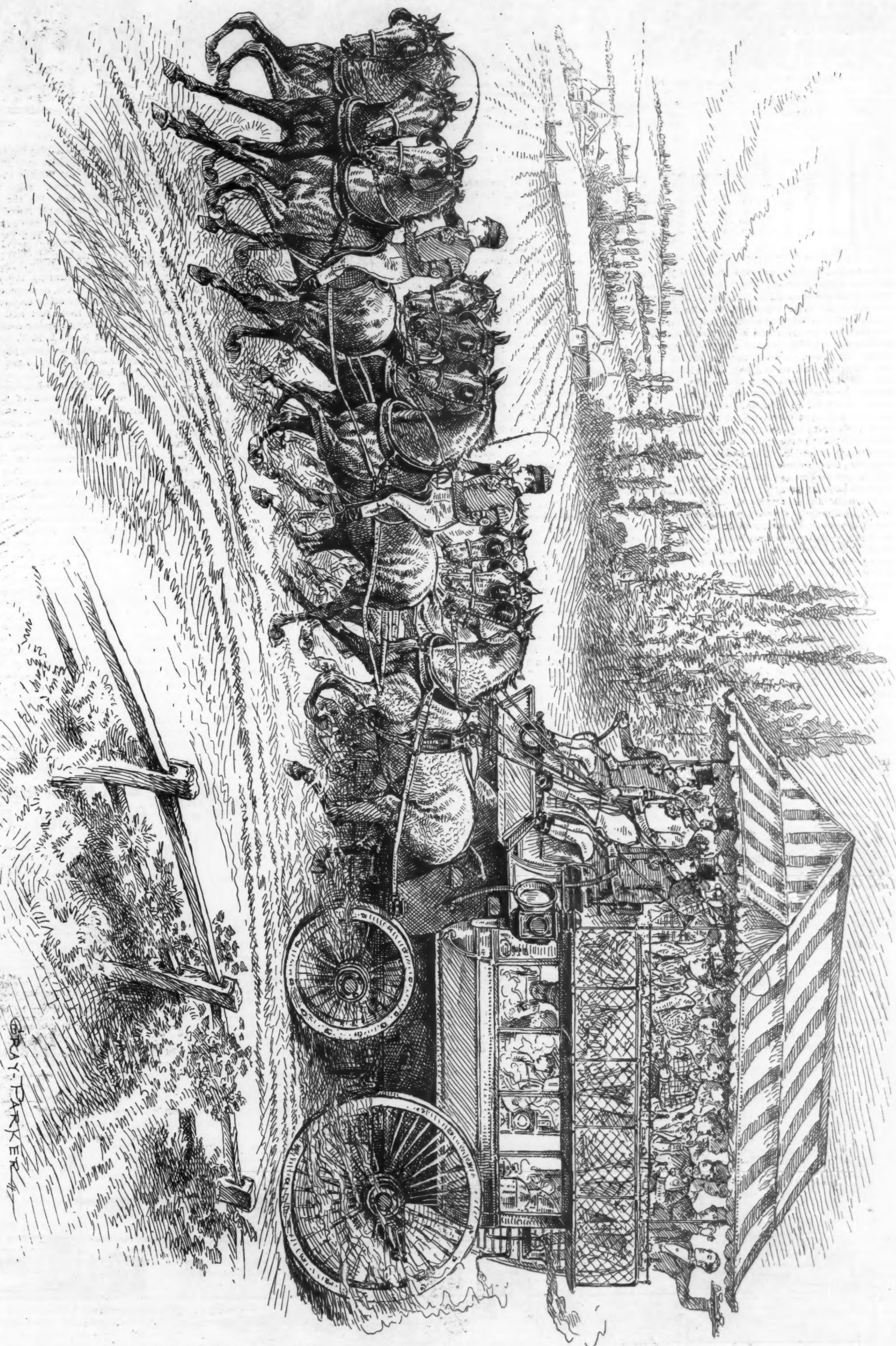
Ware, of Newport, R. I., and S. B. Fuller, of Woodstock, Ontario; saddle horses—Captain J. P. Adams, of Mount Morris, N. Y., N. J. Balfie, of this city, and F. M. Ware, of Newport, R. I.; hunters and jumpers—I. N. Scatcherd, of Buffalo, H. L. Herbert, of this city, and Captain J. P. Adams, of Mount Morris, N. Y.

The Signal Corps, under Captain Gallup, gave an exhibition of bareback riding, picking up the hat from the ground while mounted and under full gallop, mounting and dismounting under gallop. On Saturday the Tandem Club paraded on the grounds.

The society has eight years in which to build up its name, and that it will succeed in half that time is certain. It is in the hands of horsemen who are bound to receive the support of horsemen.

AN ARTIST'S IDEAS OF A PRACTICAL SUMMER VEHICLE, IN WHICH TWO PLEASURES ARE COMBINED: HOT LUNCHEONS ABOARD AND A CHARMING DRIVE ON GOOD ROADS THROUGH A PRETTY COUNTRY.

HAIL TO THE APPROACHING SUMMER SEASON!



GRAY PARKER



THE FINAL PARADE FOR THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP, LED BY LONGSTREET, RACELAND AND BANQUET.

Starting Post.
Race, 1 1/4 miles.

LONGSTREET.
RACELAND.
BANQUET.
JUDGE MORROW.
PESSARA.
GEORGE W.
MADSTONE.
CLARENDON.
PORTCHESTER.
KINGMAKER.
RUSSELL.
FAIRVIEW.

THE POSITIONS OF THE HORSES AT THE POST.

The great struggle for the Brooklyn Handicap is over and the victor is Judge Morrow, the five-year-old son of Vagabond and Moonlight. Pessara ran second and Russell third, the mighty Longstreet, who started a four to five favorite, finishing absolutely last in the field of twelve. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:03 3/4, very fast for the track which, though dry, was cuppy from recent rains. The race, like all the big Spring handicaps, was run from the fall of the flag, Fairview setting a killing pace for over five-eighths of a mile, followed a dozen lengths behind by Longstreet and Russell. When Fairview came back to his field, Longstreet had had enough and Russell took command at the end of the first mile closely attended by Judge Morrow and Pessara. The race from this point home was between the three, and it was of the ding-dong order. The horses were ridden to perfection, but Judge Morrow had a little more left than the others and won under severe punishment by a short head, Pessara beating Russell two lengths for the place.

From the first I have warned my readers not to put any faith in Longstreet and have not hesitated to proclaim my allegiance to Russell and Judge Morrow. Pessara was a surprise—a thirty to one shot, even his owners not backing him for better than third place. "Mike" Dwyer lost many thousands on Longstreet, whose performance was about as wretched as it could be. Over thirty thousand people witnessed the race, which was one of the most exciting ever seen in this country.

With the Brooklyn decided, turfites will now settle down and take a more sober and stolid view of the racing which has opened with such vim. Probably because the Brooklyn is the first big race of the season, lovers of the thoroughbred are always aroused to a keen sense of its importance, but directly the horses have flashed past the post, events follow events in such rapid succession that followers of the sport have no further time for deliberation. The next classic races which are likely to be handed down to posterity are the Metropolitan Handicap and the Eclipse Stakes at Morris Park. For the first-named event, Tristan, whose allotted 119 pounds made his chances look tempting, has been withdrawn. But with Bermuda (120 pounds), Curt Gunn (105 pounds), Fairy (112 pounds), Fairview (100 pounds), La Tosca (118 pounds), Lamplighter (100 pounds), Pessara (117 pounds), Madstone (113 pounds), Montana (113 pounds), Picknicker (119 pounds), Poet Scout (123 pounds), Reclaire (110 pounds), Reckon (113 pounds), Russell (118 pounds), Sallie McClelland (111 pounds) and Terrifier (114 pounds) among the remaining candidates, there is every promise of a rattling contest. Last year's struggle will be ever remembered from the fact that the beautifully-proportioned Tristan played such havoc with the record by running the nine furlongs in 1:51 1-2. With horses of such undoubted speed as La Tosca, Reckon, Russell and Reclaire, the race should be run from start to finish.

The Eclipse Stakes, inaugurated in 1890, was productive of a rare struggle between Russell and Sallie McClelland, which fell to the filly's share by the bare margin of a head. Last year Tammany surprised his connections by showing his heels to his field, but the contest for second place resulted in a dead heat between Dagonet, Osrice and Hell Gate. This year all the crack youngsters are engaged, so that it is not likely to suffer in prestige.

From Morris Park turfites will be transferred to

Sheepshead, where the Suburban will be decided on June 18th. So many incidents are likely to intervene between now and then that it would be superfluous to seriously discuss it at present. Suffice it, that with the non-acceptance of Longstreet, Tenny holds the post of honor with 120 pounds.

GOLD AND BLACK.

WITH THE TROTTERS.

Early trotting-races are like the Spring vegetables, and are enjoyed like the first samples of asparagus, cucumbers and lettuce. The start this year at Baltimore was excellent, but the following week at the Pimlico track showed still better speed and sharper contests. In the 2:30 class, Dr. F. C. Fowler's Navarro reeled off a mile in 2:23 1-4, and three other heats were put in better than 2:25, which is certainly great time for May races. The speedy pacer, Mikado, by Maxim, equaled his last year's record of 2:19 1-4, and promises to rate with the fastest this season.

Unless all signs fail, there will be new records created this year in the fastest classes. Mr. Robert Bonner has sent the famous mare Sunol to her old driver, Charles Marvin, and she is to be worked to beat 2:08 1-4 over the Pennsylvania kite-shaped track. Her doubtful leg and her feet are in perfect order now, and unless her owner keeps her from the attempt until she is over-ripe, as he did Maud S., she should lower her mark this year to 2:05, as Governor Leland Stanford predicted. SPOONEY OGLE.

AMONG THE BALLMEN.

The continued poor work of the New York baseball nine has been something in the nature of a surprise to the knowing ones. There is no team in the League that is composed of so many heavy batsmen, and yet opposing pitchers, have had very little trouble in fooling them. The fielding of the New Yorks has been irregular, while the pitching, considering the abilities of Rusie and King, lamentably weak. Something is wrong with the men. Persons who claim to be on the "inside" say that Manager Powers and Captain Ewing are at loggerheads, but these two worthies deny the story emphatically. Still there is ground for suspicion that there is a conflict of authority somewhere. Ewing, last year, was really the manager, although Mutrie had the title. "Jim" used to allow "Buck" to do pretty much as he pleased in the matter of handling the players on and off the field. Powers, however, is a strict disciplinarian, and is anxious to assert his authority. When he was signed by the New York Club, he was given to understand that he would have absolute control of all the players, including Ewing, both on and off the diamond. Ewing is known to have asked for the management of the team. He may be jealous of Powers, and pulling secretly against him. At anyrate, the directors of the club are sharpening their knives, and it will not surprise me a bit if several protruding heads are lopped off in the next few weeks.

Some time ago, when the Chicagos were losing steadily and Uncle Anson was being ridiculed all over the country, I said it would be well to keep an eye on the "old man." Just at present Mr. Anson is the cynosure of all eyes. From what appeared to be a "job lot" team when the season opened, the big Swede has succeeded in turning out quite a baseball collection. Canavan, his new second baseman, is filling Pfeffer's shoes surprisingly well, while Dahlen, at third, is rivaling the big third basemen of the League in his daily work. Then, too, Hutchinson has gotten into last year's form, which means everything to Chicago, and the other pitchers are beginning to show their real worth. But, above all, the Chicagos are hitting the ball, and Captain Anson himself is doing a large share of it, too. Right here, I want to say again, "look out for Uncle Anson!"

Brooklyn's work is most commendable. With a crippled outfield and minus the services of Haddock and Lovett, his best pitchers, Ward has succeeded in climbing up into second place by fine playing. With the possible

exception of Boston, the Brooklyns are playing the steadiest game in the League. The Louisvilles and Pittsburgs, who were counted out of the race last Winter, are playing strongly and with unexpected success. Time will tell, however, whether they can last or not. It's the pace that kills, and the light-waisted teams can't stand it. The heavy-weights grow dangerous when the sun gets hot.

THE TWIRLER.

MEN OF BRAUN AND MUSCLE.

Athletics have been very quiet during the week, all that is going on being talk of events to come off during the season so close at hand. All the athletes have shaken the dust of the gymnasium from their feet and are practicing vigorously out-doors for their coming competitions. One who has been doing great work is H. T. Harding, of Columbia College. His running has been phenomenal, and he will win many medals this year. Last season he was a comparatively green boy.

"Billy" Plimmer, the English one-hundred-and-ten-pound champion boxer, made short work of "Tommy" Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," at the Coney Island Athletic Club rooms. The Britisher outpointed "the Spider" from the start, and ten rounds convinced the latter that he had put on the four-ounce gloves with the wrong boy. The meeting was for the world's championship at the weight and two thousand dollars. The new clubroom is probably the best-appointed for exhibitions of this kind in the country, and will prove a big rival to the California Athletic Club in San Francisco and the Olympic at New Orleans.

The fifteen club competition, which was held under the auspices of the American Amateur Bowling Union, the leading bowling organization in the United States, was acknowledged by every lover of the sport to be the only real amateur bowling competition of the season. Among the fifteen teams were the leading clubs of this city, Brooklyn and New Jersey. The crack Phoenix five of Harlem carried off first prize after the most exciting struggle ever known in the history of the game. The Ivanhoes, also of this city, won second prize on a roll off of a tie with the champion Jersey City Athletic Club's team.

The bowling season of 1891 and '92, which has just ended, has proven the most successful that twirlers of the wooden sphere have ever experienced. Many tournaments were held during the Winter months, and all of them were marked by rattling high scores and spirited contests, which goes to show that the players are not being hampered in their work by the constant changing of the rules, such as spreading the pin spots, shortening the pins and narrowing the alleys.

THERMIDOR.

Everything in Rubber Goods.

BAILEY'S RUBBER Complexion Brush.



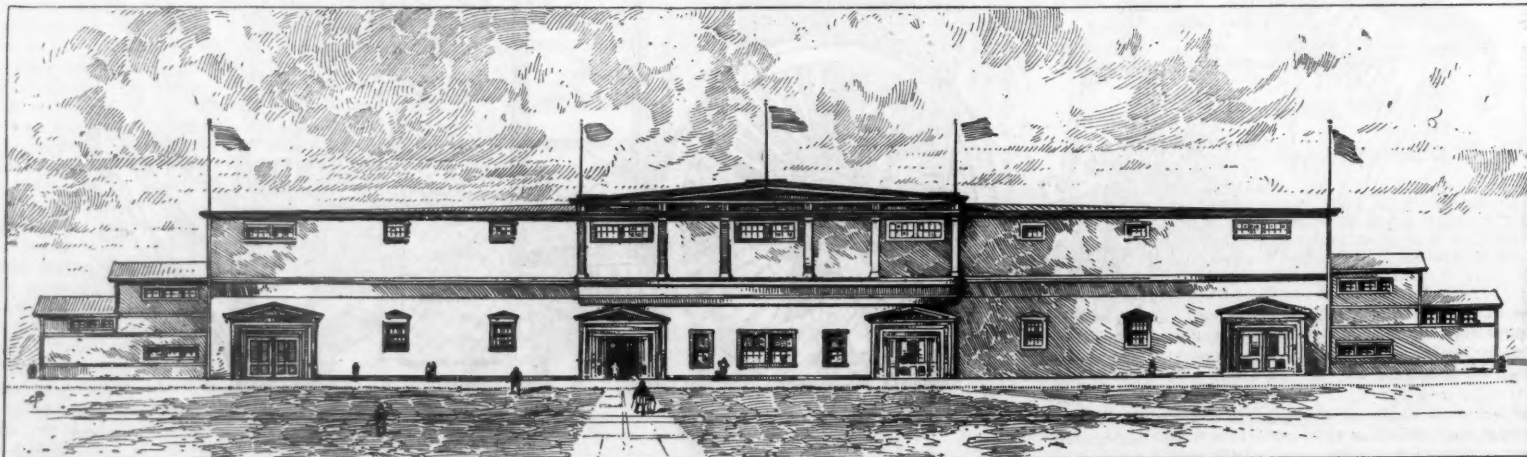
It is especially constructed for massaging the skin. It removes all roughness and dead cuticle, smoothing out the wrinkles, rendering the skin soft and pliant, and tinted with a healthy glow.

For physical development it is recommended by the highest in the profession, for improving the circulation, exercising the muscles, and promoting a healthy action of the skin.

The simplest form of massage is this: To rub the forehead sideways and lengthwise with the brush every night and morning, especially dwelling on the tiny space between the eyebrows, where a "pucker" usually comes, and on each side of the mouth, where the lines so generally come. These are to be rubbed upwards, and after a while the whole face will become even and soft. This carefully followed night and morning will not fail to have its effect upon the homeliest face.

For the bath it will be found a perfect luxury by both old and young. The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION BUILDING, ON MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.



POETIC LUNCHEONS.

THE luncheon grows more and more idyllic. Its poetry is revealed in its dainty conceits, its decorations and coloring. The luncheon has come to possess a motif, like any work of art. One recalls the repast prepared by Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant for Blanche. Amory and her friends, by means of each delicate detail of which the infatuated chef endeavored to declare his passion for *la reine Blanche*. Whatever Monsieur Mirobolant's cooking may have been, his ardor was unadulterated, and the ortolans, the plovers' eggs, the *petits gateaux*, the "jelly of marasquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty," the ices of *plombieres* and cherries—all possessed a language of their own.

So, too, the luncheon of to-day may speak for itself. The daintily-prepared and exquisitely-served meal may prove a turning-point in your life. Nothing more appeals to the lover of artistic effect and the sybarite than the table spread with rare china and cut-glass, ornamented with flowers, possessing an individuality in its unique and surprising conceits.

The farewell luncheon! how much it may express. If you are preparing to go to Java, or Japan, or Jupiter, you may wish to draw a few favored friends about you for one last interchange of speech and a parting toast. Why not give a forget-me-not luncheon? Let the farewell breathe its message in every detail. Let each decoration say: "Good-by; forget me not." In the center of your table lay a square of filmy bolting-cloth, embroidered with the pale-blue flowers. Heap your crystal bowls high with the same sweet blossoms. Wear them yourself upon the bosom of your pretty blue frock, and have clusters of them for your women guests and boutonnières for the men.

A "daisy luncheon" is very pretty and appropriate for young girls. An effective arrangement of marguerites and maiden-hair fern is placed in the center of the table. The lunch-cloth and napkins are embroidered with sprays of marguerites, the candle-shades are of the same blossoms, and each guest's name is written in the heart of a daisy painted upon bristol-board or bolting, as one's fancy may elect.

If you go in for history and wish a novelty in entertainment, why not give a luncheon in honor of some celebrated historical character? This fad has been introduced by Mrs. George B. McClellan, who gave, not long since, a Napoleonic luncheon, at which the favors were steel engravings of Bonaparte, and the tables were covered with violets, the flowers of the Little Corporal. Many relics, including a lock of the General's hair, were shown. The candles were shaded with white satin covers embroidered with violets. A "white luncheon," in honor of the White Rose of Scotland, might be very pretty.

Another novelty is a Shakespearean luncheon, where every guest finds himself described in a few appropriate lines from the great poet written on the back of his luncheon-card. Then the doilies, napkins and luncheon-cloths are embroidered with the flowers Shakespeare loved, "daisies pied and violets blue, and lady smocks all silver white"; or with quotations applicable to the season and the course at luncheon. If your luncheon be given this month, what more appropriate than, "It fell upon a day in the merry month of May"? or, with the desert, "Sweets to the sweet"? If one takes the trouble to study the subject a bit, all sorts of quaint and curious conceits will be suggested. Thus, with your mushrooms: "What comes so fast in silence of the night?" may be embroidered on the napkins. With the ices: "Thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes." With the fruit: "Two lovely berries molded on one stem." Mrs. Barnes-Brice, the expert on table-linen and decoration, is the originator of this clever idea.

CHINA SILK FROCKS.

THE China silks continue in as great favor as ever. Their pliability and coolness recommend them to every woman who loves a material at once graceful and comfortable. They are shown in every variety of design—the stripes, dots, wheels and tiny flowers being most desirable. Lace, jet, ribbons and velvet are used as trimmings. A brown China silk besprinkled with pink rosebuds was shown at a fashionable dressmaker's. Its bell-skirt was finished with two narrow ruffles of pink taffetas, over which fine knife-platings of brown crepe de chine were laid. The bodice was made with a corselet of brown velvet. The yoke was of pink and covered with the brown chiffon gathered very full. The effect was charming. A black China silk powdered with old rose wheels was finished about the edge of the skirt with a full pouf, headed by three rows of narrow old rose velvet ribbon. The bodice was

coat-shaped, and a smart waistcoat of old rose velvet gave an effective finish. Some admirable designs for China silk gowns are given in this number, which were drawn expressly for ONCE A WEEK from models exhibited by Lord & Taylor.

The Dolores shows a distinguished costume of old-blue figured China silk. The skirt is short and caught up on the right side with a knot of the material. It is trimmed round the bottom with ruffles of black lace laid over plain blue silk. Two frills of the lace are laid over the round yoke. The full sleeve is finished at the wrist with ruffle,



(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK.)
THE DOLORES.

puff and frill of lace, and bands and bows of black velvet ribbon. The bodice is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, starting from the front of the waist, passing under the arms, up to a sharp point on the back between the shoulders, where it finishes with a huge rosette and long ends falling to the edge of the gown.

The Evelyn shows an exquisite creation of cream-tinted China silk with a leaf-like design in heliotrope and maize. It is elaborately garnished with bows and rosettes of ribbon of the three shades. The bodice is gathered at the sleeves and bust and fastened with six dainty knots of ribbon. The collar, vest and cuffs are of plain heliotrope silk covered with white lace. The skirt is finished with a frill of the lace over plain heliotrope silk. The sleeves are quite new. Over the top of the plain sleeve is a second sleeve, cut in triangular form. This is gathered full on the shoulders and falls in cascades to the cuff, where it is fastened to the undersleeve with a bow of heliotrope and maize ribbon. The edge of the bodice is trimmed with heliotrope ribbon, confined at the sides with knots of the heliotrope and maize and falling in the back to the bottom of the skirt.

The Juliette shows a charming and simple gown of old rose China silk with a slight train. A broad band of black velvet, headed by two rows of jet trims the skirt. The bodice is gathered full from the waist-line and caught in a narrow yoke trimmed with three rows of the jet. Jet finishes the peasant-sleeves and three bands of black velvet ribbon encircle the waist with a corselet effect.

SILK PETTICOATS.

THE woman who has once known the dainty luxury of the silk petticoat and has listened to its soothing swish will never give it up. If she cannot afford to walk into a shop and buy the smartest one in stock, she can at least turn the old silk evening gowns, yes, and the silk skirt-linings, into this favorite detail of her wardrobe. The black and shot taffetas glaze make the most desirable silk petticoats, as they are durable and do not absorb dust. But if you cannot afford such an expensive petticoat, take the old China silk skirt of any color, have it dyed black, buy some pretty inexpensive lace and gather over a ruffle of the silk. Do not make your petticoats too long, or they will speedily become a weariness to the flesh. The best length is midway between the knee and ankle; then they escape the choice collection of filth gathered by the trained skirt as well as the devastations of high heels. The most beautiful silk petticoats now shown for street wear are in shaded taffetas of old rose and golden brown tints. They are trimmed with three ruffles of silk pinked out at each edge.

HOME-MADE DRESS TRIMMINGS.

THERE never was a wider field for the ingenuity of the home dress-trimmer. The narrow, pinked and gathered ruffles, overlaid with lace edging or without, are quite simple and easily fashioned. The prevalence of ribbon, both in silk and velvet, as a trimming gives great satisfaction to the woman who trims her own gowns. An old favorite is revived in the ribbon trumpet trimming. It is so easy to make and so light in weight that it promises to be very popular for lawn and Swiss muslin frocks. A narrow strip of coarse muslin is used for the foundation; the ribbon must measure one and a half inches, and a few beads must be employed to shed the necessary luster. The muslin is tacked down the center of the back of a length of ribbon to give firmness. On the face of this ribbon a second length makes the trumpets. One stitch catches down the mouth of the trumpet, then the ribbon is pinched up and caught to the foundation to make the end of the trumpet and to commence the second; three beads are taken up with the needle at each stitch. A row of beads is sewn on each edge of the flat ribbon underneath.

An effective embroidery for the front breadths of even-

ing gowns is carried out in baby ribbon, gold thread and beads, pearl, gold, steel or jet, according to one's fancy and the hue of the gown. Sometimes the ribbons are shaded from dark to light. Flowers are made of the ribbon by gathering it on one side, then running it down on the material in a circle to form the outer edge of the flower. Without cutting the ribbon, a second row is run on inside the first, the edge slightly overlapping it and hiding the stitches; then the center is put in with beads sewn closely together. Often the center is made of gold thread crossed latticewise, the spaces between being filled with gold or pearl beads. The stems, outlines, veins of leaves, tendrils and berries can be represented with gold thread and filled in with simple embroidery stitches and beads. The silk ruchings, box-plaited and fringed out to represent ostrich feathers, are quite easily made at home, and always effective and in good taste for evening gowns. An old evening bodice can be renovated by turning it into the corselet now so universally popular and building up with gauze as chiffon.

SOME FEMINE PERSONALITIES.

MRS. ELIZABETH CUSTER, the widow of the famous soldier, is one of the busiest women in New York. Her writings absorb most of her time; but during the past season she has made a new departure in the line of work. She has given fifty-seven readings in New York, New Jersey and New England. Her paper on "Plains Life" has attracted the attention of thoughtful and cultivated audiences. In town, Mrs. Custer lives in a pretty house on East Seventy-eighth street, where she is surrounded by interesting souvenirs of her dead husband. Mrs. Custer is a slender woman of charming presence and magnetic bearing. She has brown hair, dark-gray eyes and a winsome smile. She has the greatest possible interest in everything pertaining to women's work and occupation, and is never too busy to say an encouraging word to the woman who is struggling to gain a footing.

The favorite flower of Julien Gordon is the hyacinth. Her rooms are heavy with its seductive perfume. Violets, too, are always found in great profusion, and one constant and unknown admirer sends a huge cluster every day. The lady is the recipient of many extraordinary gifts from people she has never seen. Perhaps the most curious present was that of a doormat sent her for her country place on Long Island. In the note accompanying it, the donor begged the fair author to accept the gift and place it before her front door, adding that it would make him happy to know that every time she went in and out of her house she would tread upon his offering. Who says the Walter Raleighs are all dead?

Miss Nelly Stevens, the well-known pianist, is the only woman artist in this line who has had a busy season. Even Adele aus der Ohe, who was supplanted in the public's fickle affections by the fiery-haired Padrewski, has been idle. Miss Stevens, who has been concertizing for months, has filled seventy-five engagements. She is a cool-headed little business woman who manages herself, attends in person to all her correspondence and advertising, and practices five or six hours a day besides. She was a favorite pupil of Liszt and has a remarkable collection of souvenirs of the great master, among which are several original compositions of priceless value, a withered rose from his coat lapel and a pack of cards with which he played. The most precious relic, however, and the one most jealously guarded, is a handkerchief dotted with tiny blood-stains, which the abbe wrapped about his finger one morning after a slight accident. Not for all the wealth of the Indies would Miss Stevens permit this mouchoir to be laundered. The little artist earns eight thousand dollars a year, has a bank account, invests in real estate, is the most devout Roman Catholic in the world, and, on a recent visit to New York, stole away from her numerous engagements to the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes to lay her offering of roses and lilies upon the altar.



THE JULIETTE.

THE BIB AND TUCKER.

THE fashionable woman is bestowing considerable attention these days upon her best bib and tucker. It is marvelous what vanity is to be found in these soft, fluffy fronts which are worn with every conceivable costume. The long bibs are made of lace, chiffon or mousseline de soie of every hue. Daffodil, pale-blue, bright-scarlet and white bibs are greatly sought. They are worn with the most masculine of double-breasted coats, Eton jackets and other mannish garments, and, by some strange whim of fashion, do not detract from the conventionally severe type, but lend it a dainty and feminine charm. An effective bodice is of the Directoire cut, very short, tight-fitting in front, with short habit effect in the back. The abrupt finish of the bodice across the front is not becoming save to slim figures. But here again comes in the wisdom of the bib and tucker, and the loose, silken front relieves the severity in a welcome manner. Surahs, glaces and foulards will be generally used for blouse fronts. They are tucked, finished with frills falling in cascades, and, under the jaunty blazer, give the desired effect of an infinite variety of silk waists.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS.

Less than seventy-five thousand dollars remain to be raised for the Grant Monument Fund, and New York will not feel the effort of raising it.

Ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, has come to the front as a probable Democratic candidate at Chicago.

At a musical festival in the Kansas City Auditorium a scaffolding with five hundred children broke down, injuring five, none of them seriously.

J. Coleman Drayton was not present at the funeral of his father-in-law, William Astor.

The Missouri River is cutting "across lots" near St. Joe and threatens to leave that city out of sight.

A large and enthusiastic reunion of Keeley bichloride graduates at White Plains, N. Y., passed strong commendatory resolutions. If this is not advertisement strong enough, the agile reporter may be depended on to hunt a few more victims of the strychnine and belladonna alleged to be in the "cure."

Canada has resolved to ask England to let her have Canadian representatives at Washington and other capitals.

Representative Simpson's son sold newspapers in Washington all winter, and he now feels as much at home on the lettered streets as he formerly did on the Kansas farm. The young man did all he could to repay the press for its many attentions to his father. There is nothing small about Simpson, Jr.

Prince George will be duke of something on and after his grandmother's birthday, May 24th. Let it be Duke of May.

During the last four months discounts at the Bank of France fell off three hundred million francs, and yet the bank is still there. It is living in hopes.

Paris complains that England has become a refuge for Anarchists, and that the refuge is too near by for the health of France.

The sultan of Turkey is seriously ill. In the event of his death, European diplomats will be once more called away from their social functions.

During the prevalence of yellow fever in Brazil, Austria refused to allow the Austrian Lloyds to discontinue their line of steamers to that country. The danger is now past, the scourge having disappeared from Santos. The imperial authorities and the steamship company will not again come in collision. If they do, the Lloyds will obey.

Belgium is progressing. By a vote of 131 to 7 the Chamber of Deputies at Brussels has decided to revise the Constitution and greatly extend the electorate.

Ulster Unionist Members of Parliament declare that they will do all in their power to defeat Home Rule for Ireland. If the Irish Parliament should become a reality, they propose to resist its decrees, if necessary, by force of arms.

Italy has decided that, in reducing expenditures, the navy appropriations will not be reduced. Italy will stand by her navy, if she has to borrow money to do it.

Ferdinand Ward, a "Napoleon of Finance," has gone West from New York. All the "booms" out there should proceed at once to pull themselves together.

The long-delayed World's Fair Commission from New York visited the World's Fair site late week, and made satisfactory arrangements for the Empire State exhibits.

Chicago Anarchists have sued the city for the red banners taken from them by the police on May Day. It is gratifying to see these lawless idiots appealing to the law for protection.

It is announced in a special from Princeton, N. J., that Isaac V. Brokaw, of New York, father of Frederick Brokaw, who was drowned at Long Branch last Summer while heroically attempting to rescue a drowning girl, has generously contributed forty-two thousand dollars toward erecting a memorial building on the proposed new Brokaw memorial athletic grounds. The alumni and students of the university are expected to subscribe enough for laying out the grounds. The field will be large enough to contain two football fields, a baseball diamond and six or eight tennis courts. The building will be constructed of Indiana limestone and will be in the modern renaissance style. Directly through the middle will be an arched hallway, on each side of which will be the locker rooms. In the basement will be the baths and the large swimming tank, one hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. It is planned especially for water polo, and when finished will be a fitting memorial to Princeton's great athlete. The grading of the grounds will be finished this Summer.

Canadian oarsmen are trying to induce the Australian Stansbury to come to this country, with the avowed object of wresting the world's championship from him. Oarsmen Hanlan and O'Connor are both anxious to make a match with him, or to enter a double-sculling match with Stansbury and mate, or both. American and Canadian sportsmen assert that Hanlan should never have gone to the Antipodes to contest for the championship. Well, now—that is a fact, isn't it? Had he stayed at home, in his own native air, he never would have met those tough, wiry and hard-to-beat Australians.

By the will of the late William Astor almost the entire property is tied up in life estates, the bulk going to John Jacob Astor to the extent of about seventy-five million dollars. To each of the three children of the eldest daughter, Mrs. Van Allen, deceased, the sum of four hundred and sixty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-seven dollars is devised. The sum of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars is devised to his daughters Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Wilson. For Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton there is no bequest, but to her four children the sum of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars is bequeathed, share and share alike. For charity the millionaire leaves one hundred thousand dollars; and for the Astor Library, fifty thousand dollars.

The Memphis Bridge, the largest cantilever bridge in the world, a picture of which was shown in last week's

paper, was opened on the 12th inst. in the presence of thirty thousand spectators, Senator Voorhees delivering the oration. It has five spans and six piers. The length of the bridge proper is 2,597.13 feet. An iron viaduct of 2,500 feet and a timber trestle of 3,100 feet unites the structure to terra firma. It was built by the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham Railroad Company. It is said to mark the exact spot where De Soto crossed the Father of Waters in 1541. Spanish halberds were found in excavating for the shore pier on the Tennessee side.

The Childs-Drexel Home for Union Printers at Colorado Springs was dedicated May 12th, the sixty-third birthday of George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The building is situated on an eminence from which the eye may sweep the panorama of Austin's Bluff, Glen Eyrie, Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Colorado City, Manitou, Cameron's Cone, North and South Cheyenne Canyons and Cheyenne Mountain, with Broadmoor, Colorado Springs and Prospect Lake in the foreground. The building is four stories high, one hundred and forty-four feet long and forty feet wide, and cost sixty thousand dollars.

A VERY PRETTY FAIR.

THE Lenox Lyceum in New York City has become the home of church fairs, and the one given by the Cathedral Club, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, was in some respects the most interesting and brilliant that has recently graced that hall. The large auditorium was transformed into a flower-decked garden, and the booths, loaded with articles of artistic workmanship, were placed at irregu-



AT THE ORIENTAL STALL.

lar intervals about the floor. Handsomely-dressed young ladies, with order-books in their hands and winning smiles on their faces, were very successful in inducing visitors to the bazaar to invest in the goods therein displayed. The bazaar was opened with an address by John D. Crimmins, and Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn, Father Lavelle, the rector of the Cathedral, and Father Dally, the director of the club, were among the church dignitaries present. One of the most interesting and novel features of the bazaar was the "Old Curiosity Shop," pre-



TAKING CHANCES IN A CHINA SERVICE.

sided over by two young ladies. It was a room to itself, and on shelves and tables were arranged many curious articles, among which were the following:

The Last of the Tribunes—Tribune of the day; An old harper—copy of *Harper's Magazine*; A drive through the wood—wood and nail driven in; Red Sea and Plain Beyond—Red C and a carpenter's plane; Study of a Head—cabbage-head; Specimens of Quartz—two quart measures; An Evergreen Vale—old veil (green); The old friar—old frying-pan; View of the Flats—two flat-irons; An Idol in Clay—old clay pipe; Kids at rest—two old kid gloves; A Field Piece—a turnip; The Ball of the Season—baseball, and The Cause of the American Revolution—tacks (placed) on tea. The bazaar realized a handsome sum.



THE professional traders continue to have their own way in the stock market, although at one time within the past few days it did look as if the foreigners were going to play an important part in speculation. There is undoubtedly a better feeling abroad, but whether the improvement which is perceptible will be permanent is open to serious question.

When London turned up a buyer in this market not long ago, enthusiasts here felt that the turn had come. It was useless to suggest to them that the movement was probably due to the exigencies of the fortnightly settlement on the exchange. But when that event was over and the previous buyers had once more become sellers they had nothing to say.

Conditions are unfavorable to the inauguration of a bull movement by the foreigners, and they know it as well as we do. They know that the Americans have had to buy the stocks they have been throwing over in their distress for two years, and that the same stocks are here waiting to be sold back to them whenever they will take them. Is it likely, then, that they are coming in with a rush to bid up prices on themselves? At every advance of a point raft of securities would be thrown at them, and they would not be the wide-awake people they are if they took part in any such campaign.

The prices of American stocks are not too high, generally speaking; but when the foreigners want them they will get them without bidding up prices on themselves. This means that the stock market will be held fairly steady, with occasional reactions, and that the process of absorption and digestion will be slow. Ultimately, a bull market may be developed, but when the hoped for advance in prices comes, and everything is active and buoyant, history will be at fault unless the top is at that time reached, and those who overstay their market will be the losers.

Not only have the Vanderbilts gone into the Delaware and Hudson Company, but they are there to stay. It is very clear, also, that they are in full sympathy with the managers of the anthracite coal combination. The present proposition is that Mr. Olyphant shall retire from the presidency of the company at an early day, and that he shall be replaced by a representative of the Vanderbilts.

It is now generally conceded that there will be no distribution of cash at the next dividend period to the Northern Pacific preferred stockholders. The earnings have been very unsatisfactory for many months. MIDAS.

PURELY PERSONAL.

HON. ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, minister to England, whose portrait adorns page 13, is one of those men who, for himself and for his immortal name, will always hold a high place in the affections of our citizens. He has already, though very quietly, made his mark as a public man. He has often been mentioned as a possible Presidential candidate at Minneapolis. The precedent of the Adamses, father and son, might well be followed in the case of our first martyred President and the son who is in every way so worthy of him.

EX-SPEAKER ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday, is a silvery-haired old gentleman of patrician bearing and picturesque appearance, with rounded shoulders and deliberate step. He is the great-great-grandson of John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, studied law with Daniel Webster and counseled George Peabody. He was speaker of the House of Representatives from 1847 to 1849, when most of the present members were prattling in the nursery, being the oldest ex-speaker of Congress now living. He enjoys the unique distinction of having known personally every President of the United States, with the sole exception of Washington and Jefferson. In 1832 he visited Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, at his own home in Baltimore; and, four years later, visited, at Stratham, N. H., Paine Wingate, then ninety-three years of age, the last surviving member of the first Senate of the United States, who had dined with Washington on the day of his first inauguration. The veteran statesman is still in excellent health, and has recently returned from Washington, where he went to visit the President, and where he was received by all the distinguished political leaders with due honor.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minn., with whose name the newspapers have been so busy of late, is a tall-built, broad-shouldered man of benignant appearance, and bears a certain facial resemblance to Cardinal Gibbons. He is rising five-and-fifty, and is, like so many other distinguished Americans, an Irishman. He was all through the war, and helped to found the United States Historical Society. He is a profoundly energetic-minded, bustling man, being a veritable glutton for work, and has been called the "Father Matthew of the West," because of his pronounced Prohibition views. His pulpit oratory is pointed rather than polished, but he has recently achieved a very considerable ecclesiastical victory by his well-known school scheme having been approved by the Vatican. He has been a bishop since 1875, and may yet attain the coveted red hat.

ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY.

NEW FICTION TO COME FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

"Anie," a French romance by Hector Malot, specially translated for ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY by Mr. E. P. Robins, of Brooklyn, belongs to the superior class of French literature. The plot turns upon a lost will. The character paintings are not mere sketches, but singularly profound studies of human character. It will be published in two parts, with Nos. 7 and 8, Vol. IX.

"The Crystal's Secret," by J. H. Connolly, is a thoroughly American story of skillful plot. The writer is a veteran journalist, trained to the use of words for a purpose and with clear-cut meaning back of each one of them. It is to be regretted that even very fair story-writers are so careless in the use of words; but in Mr. Connolly's sentences we find ourselves listening to a story-teller who has the literary vocation. Aside from its superior diction, "The Crystal's Secret" is true to life. The effects are restrained rather than forced. The glow of a genuine humor, and an occasional flash of real wit without the forked tongue, serve to relieve the tragic coloring of two Mafia murders, the arrest and suffering of an innocent man and the skillful work of a newspaper detective who first causes the arrest of the innocent man aforesaid, making amends afterward by helping to prove his innocence. This superior story will be published in ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY, Vol. IX., No. 9.

ART STUDENTS IN NEW YORK.

THERE are two hundred young men and women studying in the day and night classes at the National Academy of Design. In the Fall of 1825 thirty young students of the American Society of Fine Arts became dissatisfied, seceded, and, under the leadership of S. F. B. Morse (the inventor of the telegraph), formed the New York Drawing Association. With no established place for meeting and sadly deficient in funds, the young aspirants for fame, filled with the fire of zeal, struggled on, overcoming all obstacles and gradually increasing their membership until they were enabled to hire a loft. The association thrived, and with it as a nucleus the National Academy of Design was organized.

In 1865 the present home of the academy was built.

The school term of 1891-92, just closed, has been one of the most successful in the history of the institution. At the opening, last October, upward of two hundred and fifty students qualified. To be admitted to the classes the candidate is required to submit to the School Committee, which meets every Monday evening for that purpose, a drawing of some part of the human figure, and, if approved by them, is admitted to the school on the payment of the scholarship fee. The beginner takes his place, first, in the Antique School, of which there are three classes. Here, if only a novice, he will drudge over block hands and feet; and here, if not possessed of talent, is quite sure to find an early grave for his ambition. But, if of the right material, the learner advances under the eye of the professor and gives his attention to the more interesting and graceful lines of the Venus de Milo.

The professor (an academical) makes semi-weekly rounds of the class, giving criticisms, offering suggestions and correcting the habits of error into which the scholar is apt to fall, especially the instinctive tendency to "smear things" under a self-consciousness of having an inborn genius for "broad treatment" and originality.

Here the work is more serious, more exacting, and there is given time to finish each drawing (usually twelve hours). One of the first things the new arrival in the life class notices is his name written in large letters on the bulletin-board, and underneath is the significant word, "TREAT!" How it got there nobody knows. Woe unto the newcomer should he leave this silent entreaty unheeded! If he does not appear to grasp the importance of the mysterious mandate within a reasonable time, a sympathetic fellow-student, who perhaps has "been there," will advise him not to fail and bring a goodly supply of pies, fruit and other good things to show that there exists no coolness between himself and his fellow-students; that he is willing to cherish good-fellowship and keep up the time-honored custom; and casually hints at a blanket-toss in case of non-compliance.

When Saturday, the day set apart for these so-called love-feasts, arrives and initiations are in order, because there is least danger of being disturbed by the professors, the caterer engaged by the new student, if he has wisely heeded the advice given him, appears, and a jolly time is in store for all, the model included, and the walls will resound with the songs of the class; but if, on the other hand, the notice has been disregarded, preparations are made to bring the obstinate newcomer to terms. During a rest, when the model leaves the platform, the victim is seized in an un-



A PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITY.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN,
Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James.

guarded moment, and, amid the savage yells of the boys, is thrown headlong into the blanket which usually serves as a background; each student has a firm hold and all are ready for the fun; at the third count the victim is tossed twenty feet in the air and comes down with a rebound that needs no explanation. This mode of bringing the intractable fresh-comer to terms soon has the desired effect, and amid gasps for breath he announces his willingness to do the right thing. He is then released, and all resume work in the best of humor and good-feeling.

The model is posed on Monday for the entire week, alternately a male and female. Once a month a competition for place is held, and, according to merit, the student receives his number for the ensuing four weeks. Those receiving the best numbers have the pick of the choice positions. The professor visits the class also twice a week to give "medicine," as it is termed by the students.

Toward the close of the term the students compete for the Suydam silver and bronze medals. In this final competition the best models obtainable are selected, and additional efforts are made to get the most graceful poses. The time for making these drawings is also extended to twenty-four hours each. Every student entering this competition is obliged to make two drawings, a male and female full-length figure.

In the painting class, the students work from the living

draped model. The work of this class has been exceptionally good and full of promise during the past season. In this class the student having the best showing receives fifty dollars, and the second best twenty-five dollars from the Hallgarten Fund.

The composition class is also an interesting feature of the academy schools. It meets every other week, and the subject given is usually taken from a poem or an epoch in Greek history. The compositions are generally carried out in black and white, and criticised before the entire class by the professor. The benefits derived by hearing a discourse on some fifty sketches may well be understood. The school offers a prize of one hundred dollars to the student having the best number of sketches and fifty dollars to the one having the second best.

A sketch class, though not under the jurisdiction of the school, is encouraged by the professors. It is open to all academy students free of charge, and meets daily for one hour, each member of the class being expected to pose in his turn in characteristic costume. Some interesting work of this class was shown during the recent school exhibition.

There is still another money prize, one that is much coveted by the students, and that is the scholarship prize of seven hundred dollars, awarded to the student having the best showing in drawing, painting and composition.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH H. O'NEIL, of the Fourth Massachusetts District, comprising Wards 1, 2, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14 and 16; Precincts 2, 3 and 4 of Ward 8, and Precincts 1 and 2 of Ward 15 of the city of Boston, was born in Fall River, Mass., March 23, 1853, and received a common-school education; was a member of the Boston School Committee in 1875; was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1878, '79, '80, '81, '82 and '84; was a member of the Board of Directors for Public Institutions for five years, the last eighteen months being chairman of the Board; city clerk of Boston in 1887 and '88; was elected to the Fifty-first and re-elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 11,780 votes, against 4,170 votes for Thomas Copeland, the Republican candidate. He belongs to the great Committee on Appropriations, of which Judge Holman is chairman.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS A. E. WEADOCK, of the Tenth Michigan District, comprising the counties of Alcona, Alpena, Arenac, Bay, Cheboygan, Clare, Crawford, Emmet, Gladwin, Iosco, Montmorency, Ogemaw, Oscoda, Otsego, Presque Isle, Roscommon and Tuscola, was born January 1, 1850, at Ballygarret, County Wexford, Ireland. His parents emigrated to America during his infancy, and settled at St. Marys, Ohio, soon afterward removing to a farm near St. Marys, where they resided until their death; was educated in the common schools. He entered the Law Department of Michigan University, graduated 1873, and began the practice of law in Bay City, which he still continues; in 1877 was appointed prosecuting attorney of Bay County, and served till December 31, 1878; was mayor of Bay City from April, 1883, to April, 1885; was a member of the Board of Education of Bay City for a short time; was elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 16,721 votes, against 15,055 votes for Watts S. Humphrey, the Republican candidate. He resides at Bay City and belongs to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.



CONGRESSMAN WEADOCK, OF MICHIGAN.



CONGRESSMAN O'NEIL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—PORTRAITS OF CONGRESSMEN.

ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

As I had come in, so we went out. Miss Moore and Miss Lofts both had thick veils over their faces, so that there was little chance that either of them would be recognized; but about myself I was not so sure.

"Walk in front of me," I said; "take third-class tickets to Ludgate Hill. It will be unpleasant in the carriage, perhaps, but there will be less chance of you being noticed. I will travel in a first by myself, but will be watching over you. At Ludgate Hill, get into a cab and tell the man to drive to Regent's Park; when you have gone some way, change your minds and drive to Hampstead. I shall be following you; don't take any notice of me on the platform."

All went well until we reached the station; the ladies kept well ahead of me, and no one would have guessed that we had anything to do with one another. At the station I heard Miss Lofts take two third-class tickets. I had my first, and followed them to the platform.

I had not been there long when I noticed a man watching me, and after that he went and took a look round the platform and waiting-rooms. There were a good many people going by the train, and I blessed the cold weather, which had made all the women veil their faces. The detective—if he was a detective—took very little notice of Miss Lofts and Miss Moore, but seemed deeply interested in a tall, handsome girl who stood on the platform without any companion.

The train came in. Miss Moore and Miss Lofts took their seat in a third-class compartment and I strolled up to a first. As luck had it, the handsome girl got into my carriage, and, as I expected, the detective followed her.

When we reached Ludgate Hill the man was puzzled. I waited to help the handsome lady out, and the detective waited about, also. When I reached the outside of the station Miss Lofts and Miss Moore were just driving off unnoticed, and the detective was still following my traveling companion.

I considered for a moment what I had best do, then walked up to my chambers. Stone was already there, sitting in my most comfortable chair, his feet on another, the gas-stove turned up to its highest, a cup of chocolate and a plate of hot toast by his side.

"You are a nice one," he said; "you told me six o'clock!"

"Business—business, my dear fellow," I answered, "must be attended to; and I must rush out for another hour now. I am sorry, but you seem comfortable enough."

"Oh! I am all right," he said, looking rather cross; "but I thought we would have a jolly evening. What have you to do now?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I want to serve a writ to-night. I have been trying to do it for the last week, but the man is like an eel. To-night I have heard he is giving a party, so perhaps I shall be able to manage it."

"Poor devil!" Stone said, laughing, whilst I remained lost in admiration at my own lying capabilities. "After all, I should not think it is much fun to be a lawyer."

"Not a poor one who has to do his own dirty work," I answered. "Well, so long, old fellow!"

"So long; and, hang it all, make haste back," Stone said; and I banged the oak door to.

I have come to the conclusion that Clifford's Inn must be a good customer to hansom-cabs. Even the horses seem to look down the little narrow turning and through the archways. One paused as I came through. I jumped in, gave the address and was off.

As I drew nearer and nearer to Hampstead I got more and more nervous. Suppose they did not get there in safety; suppose they were followed; suppose—

I think I imagined every evil that could possibly have happened to them; and when I knocked at Mr. Newbond's door, it is no exaggeration to say that I felt sick at heart. The butler's face told me nothing when he opened the door. I asked for Mr. Newbond, and was shown into the drawing-room. Then I knew that for the present all was well. Miss Moore and Miss Lofts were both there, and Mr. Newbond was making much of them.

"My dear young friend," he said, when he saw me, "you must stay to dinner. No one will ever think of looking for our pretty bird here, and she shall stop here until judge and jury and the whole silly world have acknowledged themselves asses."

"I must go back to Clifford's Inn. One of the doctors from Widelands is there. I have promised to spend the evening with him."

Mr. Newbond's face looked grave.

"With one of my pretty bird's jailers?" he said. "Oh, that is dreadful!"

"He is a good fellow," I said, laughing. "Miss Moore, is not Stone a good fellow?"

"Very good," she answered.

"And I must keep him off the scent," I went on. "I would give almost anything to stay, but I can't."

"Come to-morrow, then," he said; "any day, every day. Now, go and talk to pretty love. What a beautiful girl! If I were not a weather-beaten old wreck—"

A plaster. "Yes, but which?"
The best you can get. That means the Hop Plaster. Why? It's best, strongest; it's honest, it's effective. Hop Plaster Co., Boston, Mass., alone make the genuine. Our name on both sides of the plaster protects you.

He laughed and smiled, and looked so knowing, that I could not help laughing, too, and then I crossed the room to Miss Moore.

"Do you feel safe now?" I asked. "Do you think you were followed? Were you frightened?"

"One question at a time," she said. "Yes, I feel quite safe; I do not think we were followed; and I was not frightened. You were watched?"

"Yes, I know," I answered; "but the man who was watching me was watching also a young lady who came in my carriage. He went off after her."

"Oh, poor girl!" Miss Moore said. "I hope he will not really mistake her for me, and make things unpleasant for her."

"Not much fear of that," I answered; "the detective will find out that he has made a mistake. Now, I really must be off; and don't forget, Miss Moore," speaking softly, "that I am working for you and with the hope of winning you."

She blushed softly as she gave me her hand.

"I shall not forget," she said; "good-by."

I thanked Miss Lofts for her kindness, and then went from the room, Mr. Newbond following me into the hall.

"I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently," I said.

He looked at me—a quiet smile upon his lips, a roguish light in his eyes.

"My dear boy, what have you to thank me for? Miss Moore is nothing to you. You only pity her, and want to help her, just as I do."

I looked into his kind face, and I felt that he would like me all the better if I told him all that was in my mind.

"I love her with all my heart," I said. "To free her name from the horrible stain that rests upon it is my dearest wish; but if I can never do that, I shall still wish with all my heart to make her my wife."

He took my hands in his; he kissed my forehead, and I did not feel that the action was ridiculous.

"We will clear her name, and she shall be your wife," he said.

I drove back to Fleet street, and something, I cannot tell what, made me go to my office. There was nothing for me to do there, but I felt that I must go. I had to ring the bell, and the housekeeper came up from the basement and opened the door.

"Good-evening, Mr. Dickenson!" she said. "Do you want your key? I will fetch it for you."

In another moment I was unlocking the office-door; it was all in darkness. I passed through the clerk's room, leaving the outer door open, and lit my lamp. A few sparks of the fire still gleamed redly. I put the coals together; then wondered again what I had come for.

"Perhaps some letter of importance has come," I said to myself, and walked to my desk.

A letter lay there which had evidently been left by hand. It was written upon my office paper, and addressed in the handwriting of Mrs. Towlinson. It ran:

"Dear Mr. Dickenson—I called to-night to fetch that package which I intrusted to you. I want to alter my will again; and I have a queer fancy that I should like to do it at once. If you should happen to return to your office to-night, could you send the package up by a trusty messenger at once, or, at all events, early to-morrow? Yours very sincerely, JULIA TOWLINSON."

"Now, I wonder what she wants to alter that for?" I said to myself. "Someone has offended her, I suppose, and she is going to cut them out of her will; but then, women never are of the same mind two minutes together."

What did I know of women and their ways? I knew next door to nothing of them.

"She cannot have it to-night," I said to myself, going to my safe, unlocking it and putting the package upon the table; "I have no one to send up. What a bother the woman is! Well, she is in perfect health; it cannot be a matter of great moment."

I was just going to put it back in the safe again when I heard a loud scream from the basement, the sort of scream that sends all the blood away from your heart and for the instant seems to take all strength from you. I flung down the package, rushed downstairs and was standing in the kitchen.

It took little over a moment to see what had happened. Mrs. Bessell, the housekeeper, had been preparing a bath for one of the children, and with that wisdom and forethought which is so characteristic of some women, had poured the boiling water into the bath first; and the small toddler, when her back was turned, had leant too far over the edge and fallen in.

I knew nothing of children; I had no idea what should be done. Mrs. Bessell had picked the poor mite out of the bath, and she lay perfectly still now after that one terrible scream.

"I'll go for a doctor, Mrs. Bessell," I said, and rushed off to the Temple where one lived. I was fortunate in finding him in, and in ten minutes I left him with the poor little suffering child and went up to my offices.

I had left the door open. As I passed through the clerk's office I heard a scratching sound.

"That beastly cat has come in here again," I said to myself, then stood still as I entered my room.

What had been the covering of Mrs. Towlinson's parcel was strewn about the floor, torn and scratched and bitten to pieces, and the cat was crouching upon the carpet licking a long, curiously-shaped knife.

I pushed the cat away with my foot and picked up the knife, wondering where it could have come from. It had curious dull-brown marks upon it, which I thought must be the stain of blood. I looked down at the litter at my feet; there were two packets of paper there which were still in envelopes.

"What had made the cat drag the package to pieces?"

The knife, of course; the blood-stained knife had been in the package.

I sat down with it in my hand. What did it mean? It was a curious knife. But what knife? And were the stains of blood human blood?

It had come out of a packet which Mrs. Towlinson had given me. She had been in the house of Mr. Grey when he was murdered. Was it possible after all that Miss Moore was right—that Mrs. Towlinson, the charming, soft-spoken woman, was a murderer?

"Impossible!"

And yet the knife? What was the meaning of the blood-stained knife?

I picked up the two packets of papers; they were securely done up in their envelopes. I felt I had no right to open them.

"It is not possible that she can have done it?" I said to myself; but with that knife in my hand, I could not but believe that it was possible.

"If she is a murderer," I said to myself, "how can I give her up to justice? She is beautiful, and she—likes me; and yet, if she is guilty, unless I prove her so I can never clear my darling."

"I must write to her," I said, and sat down and wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Towlinson—I cannot send the package to-night; something strange has happened. Can you come to my office early to-morrow? Yours sincerely,

"LIONEL DICKENSON."

I picked up the two packages, put them and the knife in the safe, locked it and the door of the office, hung the key on the head of the staircase and went out.

I reached my chambers, feeling worried and perplexed. Stone lay on the sofa fast asleep, but roused up when I came in.

"Oh, so you have come at last?" he said, rubbing his eyes. "Well, I hope you have kept me waiting long enough. You are a nice sort of fellow to spend the evening with, I must say. What shall we do now?"

"Anything!" I answered, sinking into a chair. "I am dead beat."

He turned and looked at me.

"You look it," he said. "What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, bother!" I said. "I am not going to have you coming the doctor over me; I am all right."

"Well, it is more than you look," Stone said, getting up and pottering about in his slow, fat way. "I suppose you are bothering about that girl?"

"Suppose what you like," I said, a little ungraciously. "What on earth are you doing at my cupboard?"

"I am looking for some brandy."

"Well, I don't keep brandy in the cupboard. Do you want some?"

"No, but you do."

"I!" I said, jumping up. "You never made a greater mistake in your life. Come over to the Cock, and let us get some dinner."

So we strolled over and ate dinner.

"I shall go back to Widelands to-morrow," Stone said. "I am sick of fooling about here."

I was glad enough to wish Stone good-night, which I did with most inhospitable firmness at the entrance to the Inn; for his plan was that I should invite two or three of the other men in the Inn to my rooms, and that we should sit up half the night playing poker.

"I would not be guilty of such wickedness, old fellow," I said. "I don't forget that you are soon going to get married: if

you do, you must get rid of the habit of card-playing; think of Dorothy."

"God bless her! I always think of her," he said; "but I don't think she would mind me sitting up for a game of cards with you."

"Look in at the office before you go to-morrow, if you do go."

I rang up the night porter, went through the Inn and up to my rooms; boiled some

(Continued on page 15.)

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